KINGSLEY MARTIN: Letter from Moscow

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The Rumpus About Coal Prices

By delaying the announcement of the 18 per cent. rise in coal prices until after the election the Government has only increased its difficulties. Mr. Nabarro, who caused the rumpus in the Commons, is the kind of thrusting back-bencher who affronts his more patrician colleagues as much as he delights the modern electorate. Yet, on this occasion, he made a weak Minister bend over the Despatch Box like a schoolboy preparing for a public whipping. It looks as though Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd will soon join Sir Thomas Dugdale in the wilderness where ex-Ministerial scapegoats roam.

But neither the jettisoning of a Minister, nor snide newspaper attacks on nationalisation and miners' absenteeism will provide the Government with the fuel policy it needs. On what principle should the price of coal —now the product of a State monopoly—be fixed? The Labour Government, which was seeking to hold the cost of living steady by a deliberate policy of controls and cheap money, quite naturally kept the cost of coal on the home market far below the price charged to foreigners. But now that controls have been scrapped, and Mr. Butler has returned to a market economy, this cheap coal policy makes no sense whatsoever. Despite the disingenuous complaints of the F.B.I., the blunt fact is that the Coal Board, with Mr. Butler's encouragement, has been heavily subsidising British manufacturers, and, by so doing, has removed the only incentive to fuel economy which is effective in a free market. Artificially low prices have aggravated the coal shortage, which compels Mr. Lloyd to spend £80m. in the next twelve months on subsidising the import of expensive American coal.

We doubt whether the public realises the fact that, even after the present price rise, British coal will be appreciably cheaper than West German. Ruhr prices for coking coals will be 4s.-5s. a ton, and for dry steam coals 18s.-27s. a ton, higher than British pit-head prices; and the French and Belgian prices are higher still. Moreover, not only has the price charged for coal by the N.C.B. risen appreciably less, in the past six years, than the average for all raw materials entering into manufacture; inland coal prices have been held at 20s. per ton below the price (f.o.b.) charged to foreign consumers, while the N.C.B. has borne—quite unjustifiably—the loss involved in selling imported coal at over £2 a ton below its landed cost.

As for the miners, making due allowance for the extent to which productivity is aided by mechanisation, the fact remains that—despite the depletion of "easier" seams—output per manshift today is higher than before the war. If supplies lag, the cause lies in the shrinking labour force.

The real issue—and it was obviously present in the minds of Tory, as well as Labour members in the Commons this week—is how long this country is to muddle along without a rational, co-ordinated fuel policy. The present price increase is simply the minimum calculated to prevent the N.C.B. from "getting into the red"—if losses on the resale of imported coal do not rise. Since inland consumption, with full employment, goes on rising steadily—and a decision to eschew all exports of coal would have awkward repercussions on our food supplies from some markets which buy coal from us—there is no guarantee that losses on imported coal will *not* mount.

Can we, then, afford to burn our precious —and dwindling—supplies of raw coal as wastefully as we do, and should the Electricity Authority be allowed indiscriminately to encourage domestic users to increase their consumption, regardless of the extravagance of the ways in which current is used? We have no doubt that a national fuel policy must be based broadly on two assumptions: recruitment of miners must be promoted by optimum wages and working conditions, and extravagant use of fuel must not be encouraged by a policy which enables consumers to get coal at a price cheaper than they would have to pay on the world market.

The News in Review

At Home

THE question what is to happen to the dockers in the northern ports who were recruited by the Stevedores, and whom the N.A.S.D. has been enjoined by the T.U.C. to "give back" to the T. & G.W., is still unsettled. At meetings last week-end, these men resolved that under no circumstances would they rejoin the T. & G.W.; and there has been talk of their representatives applying for a writ against the N.A.S.D. restraining the Executive from expelling them.

If this action is taken, it will presumably be in reliance largely on a judgment, of considerable importance, given by Mr. Justice Wynn Parry last Friday in the case of a member of the National Union of Public Employees. Mr. Andrew, an ambulance driver, resigned, four years ago from the Confederation of Health Service Employees and joined N.U.P.E. The same action was taken by six other members of his former union, whose complaint that there had been "poaching" was referred to the T.U.C. The Disputes Committee of the T.U.C. decided that these new members must be returned by N.U.P.E. to their original union—a decision against which Mr. Andrew now appealed to the Courts. The Judge ruled that Mr. Andrew's expulsion was, in fact, invalid and *ultra vires*: he had done nothing under the rules of N.U.P.E. to justify his being expelled.

Whether this judgment, which was based on explicit N.U.P.E. rules setting out the circumstances in which members could be expelled, is applicable to the case of the 10,000 northern dockers is one which would presumably require further consideration in the Courts in the light of any relevant N.A.S.D. rules. Common sense would suggest that the T.U.C. should lose no time in reviewing the whole Bridlington Agreement about "poaching." Though some regulation of inter-union "competition" is undoubtedly desirable, it is clearly not in the interests of the trade union movement that workers should feel that they are being handed arbitrarily, like "chattels," from one union to another.

ONCE again—this time on the issue of road haulage—the Eden Government has displayed its remarkable facility for sacrificing sacred Tory principles when those principles are shown to be working badly. At the end of yet another debate, in which Mr. Callaghan had ably demonstrated that road haulage denationalisation had proved an ideological failure at least as expensive as Labour's groundnuts scheme, the Minister coyly revealed the new policy. The ambiguity of his phrasing was probably designed merely to conceal the Tory climb-down. British Road Services, he indicated, would be permitted to run the main trunk services, which it had been the Government's intention to hand over to private enterprise. If this policy is pursued, our road haulage system will become a characteristic British muddle between large-scale public and mainly small-scale private enterprise. This plan is clearly designed to appease the Labour Party, and persuade it to desist from its threat to re-nationalise road haulage when next it achieves office. We doubt whether it will succeed, and we are glad to note that even the T. and G.W. is adamant on this point. While throwing cold water on proposals to give the union's blessing to new nationalisation plans, Mr. Tiffin told his biennial conference this week that the case for renationalising road transport had been proved up to the hilt. There is, indeed, no other way in which a sensible co-ordination of all transport—implying the carriage of goods by the most economic means—can be secured.

AN impressive sequel to the Helsinki Conference was the release to the press by Bertrand Russell, last Saturday, of a declaration by nine eminent scientists emphasising the "danger of utter and irretrievable disaster" involved in nuclear warfare. The signatories—seven of them Nobel Prize winners—included an American, as well as a French, a Polish, and a Japanese professor. Last week-end's newspapers showed how vivid was the impression made on public opinion by this warning. This is perhaps the declaration's greatest value; for, as we emphasise in a leading article, statesmen, with full access to the facts, have already, in all probability, reached the conclusion that the continuance of civilisation is incompatible with nuclear war. The more they are impelled by force of public opinion to follow that conclusion to its logical end—the acceptance of co-existence—the better.

Overseas

LAST week-end, the amnesty in Kenya expired, and the Kenya Government immediately launched a new drive against the terrorists who had failed to respond: it has confiscated the land of over 300 known Mau Mau members, and initiated new military operations. Since the declaration of the amnesty on January 18, advantage of it has been taken by 959 terrorists, as compared with 818 surrenders between October, 1952—the start of the Emergency—and last January. Some disappointment has been expressed, both in London and Nairobi, that this generous amnesty has not been even more productive. But there are increasing signs that the morale of Mau Mau is at a low ebb, and that the amnesty has played a considerable part in this. The earlier amnesty offer—which did not excuse crimes committed before January 18—is still open; and, in launching its new military drive, the Government should be careful not to obstruct surrenders. Meanwhile, on the other side of the account, comes the depressing news that Mau Mau has infiltrated into the Maragoli—another tribe employed extensively in domestic service for Europeans.

IT is to be hoped that the statesmen at Geneva will find time to glance at least at the confused and potentially dangerous situation in Indo-China. In Laos, reports of serious fighting between insurgent Pathet Lao forces and Government troops seem to have been exaggerated; but it is still doubtful whether the elections, scheduled for September, can be held in conditions approaching any sort of "orderliness." Still more disquieting are indications in Saigon that, after all, Premier Diem is having second thoughts about his tentative promise to hold "technical talks" with the Vietminh about the elections due next year. The Chinese press has begun to complain bitterly that American influence is being exerted to prevent a peaceful "political settlement" in Indo-China.

Meanwhile, Ho Chi Minh is rounding off his stay in Peking with a visit to the U.S.S.R. From China he is reported to have received the promise of substantial material aid and technical assistance. He no doubt desires to sound the Government in Moscow as to the line he should adopt if the Geneva Agreement is broken by a refusal on Diem's part to hold joint, North and South, elections.

IN order to get the first of his Defence measures passed by the Bundestag before the Four-Power talks begin, Dr. Adenauer has had to make considerable concessions to the opponents of hurried German rearmament—or at least to those who insist that there must be stronger parliamentary control over the new army. The temporary "Volunteers Bill" now seems likely to get its third reading by Saturday, but it has been considerably redrafted. The 6,000 "volunteers" are to be used "organisationally," not in military formations; the validity of the Bill itself will expire on March 31, 1956; and a special law is to be passed, defining the powers and duties of the personnel committee which is to review and confirm all senior officers' appointments.

NEWS from Italy suggests that the Liberals are the only happy members of Signor Segni's new coalition: proclaiming that "the right of property will be adequately recognised" by the Government, they are confident that the Segni land reform compromise will go the way of the Scelba land reform compromise. There are, however, writes our Rome Correspondent, two other problems with which the new Government will have to deal. The first is how to separate, and remove from the control of Confindustria (the employers' trade organisation) the enterprises in which State capital is invested. The second is how to protect Italy's newly found petroleum sources from exploitation by the international oil cartels. The Liberals, of course, will oppose the retention of oil resources by the State; but, during the last weeks of the Scelba Government, even Villabruna, the Liberal Minister concerned with oil, found it discreet to plead that he had hurt his hand and could not sign the proposed agreements handing the oil over for development by Italo-American companies.

ON the fifth anniversary of the Polish-East German treaty, the two governments have chosen to reaffirm their "complete unanimity" on the Oder-Neisse frontier line. This, no doubt, is another card played before Geneva. Just as the Soviet Union still insists that any scheme for German reunification must permit representatives of East Germany to participate, so it is presumably anxious that the Oder-Neisse frontier be taken over by a united Germany without revision. This new declaration would be nonsensical if, as some commentators still suggest, Moscow intends to woo Dr. Adenauer by offering Breslau as bait.

THE main purpose of the drastic increase in bread prices, announced on Monday by the Yugoslav Government, is to stimulate domestic grain production and reduce Yugoslavia's dependence on imported cereals. Though wages and pensions are to be raised by 500 dinars a month—the equivalent of ten kilograms of bread at the new price—fat, tobacco and fares are also to be increased. This, in effect, is a measure to favour the peasantry at the expense of the town dwellers: the Yugoslav planners have decided to use the price mechanism rather than physical controls or subsidies to secure this shift of emphasis within the economy.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Monaco

The Man Who Broke the Bank

A Correspondent writes: The origins and significance of the *krach de Monte-Carle* are now beginning to emerge. Monaco, as every schoolboy knows, is an independent principality. Its sovereign, Prince Rainier, is an absolute ruler; he appoints his own advisers, who are responsible solely to himself, and the 18-member National Council, which is elected by universal suffrage, is a purely advisory body. This happy state of affairs exists simply because Monaco's 2,900 inhabitants have never been obliged to pay taxes; the State is supported from the profits of a number of semi-private concerns, notably the Casino itself. Since the war, however, these revenues have declined, and last year it was feared that the State's increasing financial difficulties would lead, sooner or later, to a thorough overhaul of the constitution. Such a step would have been displeasing not merely to the Prince himself, but to the many financiers who find it convenient to operate from Monaco. Fortunately, one of the Prince's private advisers, an old college friend called M. Raoul Pez, knew M. Onassis, the Greek shipping magnate. M. Onassis was called in, took over the Casino, appointed M. Pez its administrator, and before long it was once more a flourishing concern.

So far, so good. M. Pez, however, was dazzled by his success and began to look further afield. Among his friends was a M. Liambey, who had recently founded a deposit bank, the Société Monégasque de Banque et Métaux Précieux. M. Liambey was an ambitious man but short of working capital. M. Pez persuaded three members of the Prince's cabinet to become directors of the bank and to finance it with State funds. With this capital (some 920 million francs) the bank invested in the "Images et Son" television group, which controls Europe No. 1 Telésarre and Telé Monte-Carlo. The bank acquired 53,500 shares in the company and M. Solamito, one of the cabinet ministers, became managing director of Telé Monte-Carlo. Last month, however, an important advertising contract, planned to link Telé Monte-Carlo with the powerful Radio Monte-Carlo, which is controlled by the French Government, fell through. The shares in "Images et Son" dropped heavily, and the bank was soon in serious financial difficulties.

At this point, another of M. Liambey's activities came to light: he had been investing the bank's funds in a real estate company. This was eventually discovered by the director of a rival real estate company, who also happened to be one of the bank's principal depositors. Two weeks ago he asked to withdraw his deposit, amounting to over 400 million francs. M. Liambey was forced to admit the bank's inability to pay, and within a few hours the scandal was public knowledge. In a panic, the Prince's advisers made the fatal error of summoning the National Council. The Council agreed to a proposal for a State loan of 250 million francs to save the bank, but demanded, in return, a thorough investigation. This soon disclosed that the Prince's chief advisers were implicated, and the Council, not unnaturally, demanded their resignation pending the full results of the investigation. After a heated scene, the Prince, on the advice of M. Pez, refused, and the Council threatened to resign *en masse*. M. Pez was confident that he could raise the money somehow and forestall the investigation. Unfortunately, M. Onassis, who might well have come to the rescue, was sailing the high seas in his yacht and could not be reached. M. Pez flew to Paris and spent a fruitless day touring the banks; on Sunday, July 3, he returned to Monte Carlo and confessed his failure. The Council was summoned again and this time the Prince agreed to the resignation of his ministers. M. Liambey has now been arrested for *abus de confiance*, and further developments are expected.

From this tangled story two conclusions seem to emerge. First, it is clear that the Prince, in bowing to the Council's demand, has accepted a constitutional innovation of great importance. Monaco has now, in fact if not in law, ceased to be an absolute monarchy. Secondly, its days as a happy hunting ground for free-lance financiers are clearly over. This, of course, is good news for the French Government, which has long regarded Monaco as a historical anomaly, a refuge for tax dodgers and an embarrassing haunt, on its own doorstep, of exotic business circles. Indeed, some Frenchmen are even tempted to draw a further conclusion: that the day when France will annex Monaco has moved nearer.

New York

Public and Private Power

Our New York Correspondent writes: President Eisenhower's decision to order "immediate steps" to cancel the Dixon-Yates contract ends an affair which had become highly embarrassing to the Administration. This private power plant contract—often dubbed a "giveaway" and widely construed as an attempt to break up the Tennessee Valley scheme—had been regarded as a first-class campaign issue for the Democrats. Senator Kefauver uncovered what he termed "a shocking piece of duplicity" and he exploited it for all he was worth. He charged that Adolphe H. Wenzell, while acting as a consultant to the Bureau of the Budget on the contract, was also trying to get business for his company, the First Boston Corporation. The company got the job of arranging the financing for the project. The Budget Director, Rowland R. Hughes, had explained that Wenzell had been brought to Washington solely as a technical adviser to compare book-keeping methods of public and private power concerns. That Hughes' explanation was not wholly satisfactory was indicated by the fact that President Eisenhower felt it necessary to add his own explanations at his news conference. The President's defence was in such tortuous language that it left leeway for argument whether Wenzell could possibly have played a hand in the Dixon-Yates affair. Kefauver persisted in contending that Wenzell was "the genius who worked up . . . the whole idea of destroying" the Tennessee Valley Authority. He has now won the day.

Meanwhile, in one of its last acts before going out of existence, the Hoover Commission issued a report hitting at the concept of Federal power. It would ban new generating projects financed by the Federal authorities where state, municipal or private money was available for the purpose. It also asked that private utility companies be allowed to buy a "fair share" of Federal power for resale. The Democrats on the Commission dissented strongly from the majority. Representative Chet Holifield, Democrat of California, commented that "twenty years of private power company propaganda have been invested with the dignity of an official government report."

Westminster

The Tory Proles

It's easy to be a Parliamentary Character. All you need is a loud voice, shamelessness and the gift of irrelevance. Mr. Nabarro and Brigadier Clarke, megaphonal and uninhibited by arbitrary standards of good form, both seemed at one time to have the quality of Characters. And the stars of the Tory Front Bench could afford a condescending smile when the clowns below the gangway came cartwheeling in.

But at Question Time this week, it was obvious that something was going wrong with the act. The Tory proles, who speak with different accents and are possessed of different habits from the Front Bench aristos, were rebelling. Not content with the role of buffoons and knockabout brawlers, they were showing Mr. Lloyd, the Fuel Minister, that they had firm views sustained by hard work and Parliamentary assiduity. And Mr. Nabarro, hitherto secretary of the Fuel Committee, attacked his Minister with a mixture of courage and well-informed intelligence which shocked some of the Etonian and Harrovian *fainéants*.

The fellow's no longer a joke, they appeared to be saying. It's all very well when the Socialists fly off the handle and attack their Front Bench, but a Tory! The Party of Individualists, it is well known, hates individualists. But when the individualists—like Nabarro and several others—are self-made men who benefited from the Education Acts, the socially exclusive and highly inbred Tory Front Bench has reason to raise its eyebrows and wonder what next.

Every now and again, of course, as a sign that the Party is democratic as well as property-owning, some inoffensive Tory prole like Harmar Nicholls or Bevins is given minor office. And as it is still not the habit for the wives of the hereditary Tory leadership to engage in anything more than parish politics, the women proles in the Parliamentary Party are encouraged. The ascent of Miss Pitt and Miss Hornsby-Smith (whose *ventre à terre* assaults are the delight of friends and opponents alike) is assured.

So far, the aspiring small business-men and the Grammar-school intellectuals have been kept from the senior Tory positions. But Mr. Nabarro and Brigadier Clarke, clearly of the view that docility doesn't pay (and after all, it's the brash Nabarros and Clarkes who won the election, not the Turtons and Birches who always seem to be emerging from an attack of the vapours)—Mr. Nabarro and Brigadier Clarke set about Mr. Lloyd with an obvious disregard for precedent.

Well, you know how it is when a boxer has taken a lot of punishment; his knees sag, his mouth drops, his guard falls. So it was with Mr. Lloyd. Nothing was lacking for his ultimate misery but that some Socialist should weigh in. Alf Robens obliged—with no small voice.

At last Mr. Speaker's gong saved the Minister from further punishment, and he sank back in his corner still protesting in an expiring voice and on the verge, apparently, of crying his eyes out to a Whip who'd hurried in to see what it was all about. Meanwhile, that bristling champ, Nabarro, lolled against the ropes, smirking.

The fuel row has shown that the Tory proles are massing. It is not certain though that this is a reason for unqualified Socialist rejoicing. There is, after all, something to be said for a Tory Government civilised by a classical education.

MAURICE EDELMAN

Paris

M. Faure Sees the Red Light

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The overwhelming vote by which the Assembly ratified the Tunisian Agreement should not be interpreted as a sign that the Right-Centre majority is now reconciled to a progressive policy in North Africa. The absence of M. René Mayer, now safely exiled in Luxembourg, deprived the Lobby of its most authoritative spokesman; and it was left to the lunatic fringe, Messrs. Dronne and Legendre, to provide the vocal opposition. Many Right-wing deputies—perhaps over a hundred—voted for the Government, reluctantly, "to keep France's word." Finally, there was a general assumption on the Right-wing benches that the Agreement marked the *point final* of the "policy of abandon" in North Africa and that the Government will now revert to the old "policy of firmness."

This last, of course, is plainly wishful thinking. There are good reasons to believe that in Algeria and Morocco the Government will shortly be forced to make concessions which, however inadequate, will enrage its supporters on the Right. In Algeria, M. Soustelle's plan of reforms, which was approved by the Cabinet last month, has yet to be put into effect (indeed, recent police activities in the Constantine department seem to imply a reversion to the ruthless methods used to suppress the 1945 rebellion), but M. Soustelle made it quite clear that he will resign unless his main suggestions are carried out reasonably soon; and M. Faure is not prepared for his resignation.

Morocco, however, holds greater dangers for M. Faure, simply because there the issue is absolutely clear: is the present Sultan to remain or not? Both sides are preparing for a showdown. Marshal Juin has resigned from the North African "War Cabinet" in order to spike the Government's guns with greater freedom. El Glaoui has sent his usual ultimatum to President Coty, and is spreading rumours that he is mobilising his tribesmen. A Socialist Deputy is to ask the Government "in what circumstances the political activities of a senior serving officer may constitute insubordination"; and M. Faure recently instructed his *chef de cabinet* to prepare a report on the exact procedure used to arrest a Marshal.

But will M. Faure, who has a fervent dislike for all forms of unpleasantness, risk an open battle? Only if all else fails. And if so, it will probably be the last one he will win. For some weeks, his majority has been showing signs of wear and tear. Thanks to great skill, and more than a little luck, he has so far kept his Cabinet happy and contented. But the Tunisian debate was the first flicker of the red light, a taste of things to come. M. Faure needs urgently a popular triumph which will not have to be paid for in votes—either from the Left or from the Right. At Geneva, he is likely to be an active and talkative figure, fishing anxiously in the seas of co-existence for something to take back to his hungry and critical family.

A Good Look at the Summit

WHAT can we reasonably expect from the Geneva conference? In order to answer this question it is first necessary to place these high-level talks in their correct context. It would be pleasant to content ourselves with the observation that they are the result of the British peace initiative, launched two years ago by Sir Winston Churchill. But in fact that personal initiative, though it found some response in Moscow, was stifled by Mr. Dulles and Lord Salisbury during Sir Winston's illness. After that, until the American bluff was called at Dien Bien Phu, "massive retaliation" continued to be the watchword of an Administration which was still blackmailed by Senator McCarthy into condemning any negotiations with the Communists as appeasement. During this period a series of small Russian peace overtures were dismissed in Washington as treacherous political warfare; and even after President Eisenhower turned down Admiral Radford's demand for intervention at Dien Bien Phu, Mr. Eden had to negotiate the Indo-China settlement behind Mr. Dulles's sulky back.

In retrospect we can see that Mr. Dulles's self-imposed "quarantine" at the Geneva conference last year was the turning point of the cold war. The humiliating collapse of the American tough line presented Mr. Eisenhower with the opportunity for which he had been waiting. Even before the mid-term elections—and much more after the Democratic successes—the President began to switch from a partisan policy of "massive retaliation" to a bipartisan policy of "disengagement." Simultaneously, on the domestic front, he launched a counter-offensive against McCarthyism, which began slowly but has now gained real momentum. In this reversal of policy he has been greatly assisted by the soft words and conciliatory deeds of the Kremlin.

Thus with this simultaneous disengagement from the extreme positions of the cold war, the statesmen of East and West have demonstrated—even in advance of Bertrand Russell—that they are so terrified of the nuclear weapon that they dare not permit their Chiefs of Staff to treat war as a continuation of policy by other means. The *détente*, in fact, which was the main object of Sir Winston's original proposal for high-level talks, has already been achieved before the talks begin; and what is required at Geneva is not another generalised statement of good intentions but the achievement, by compromise, of at least some immediate points of concrete agreement—despite the deep-seated conflicts of policy and interest which still divide East and West. Since those conflicts can no longer be settled by war, neither side can successfully bluff the other by a show of strength; and each must be willing to accept as final any veto which the other imposes on a specific proposal.

This fact severely limits the area within which concrete agreement is possible. With Far Eastern problems excluded from consideration, there are three items on the agenda—Germany, European Security and Disarmament. Each is linked with the other two in what until now has been an iron ring of negation. Without an agreement on Germany, we are told, there can be no disarmament: without disarmament, there can be no agreement on Germany: and without agreement on Germany and disarmament, there can be no system of European security. The main problem at Geneva will be to find a method of breaking out of this vicious circle. Mr. Eisenhower and Dr. Adenauer insist that a united Germany must be free to join Nato, which can then be transformed into a European security system that threatens no one. The Russians insist that there can be no genuine European security unless the American bases are wound up and Germany neutralised. What is clear before the conference begins is that both these plans have been vetoed before they are even formally proposed; and, without resort to war, the vetoes are final. Unless each side is ready to make large concessions of principle the result of the conference will be to ratify the *status quo*, with the army of the Federal Republic integrated into Nato and the army of the Eastern zone integrated into the Communist bloc.

Sir Anthony's prime responsibility, as the representative of Britain, is to remind our American allies that any *modus vivendi* for a divided Germany reached at Geneva is bound to be unstable. After Dr. Adenauer's death or retirement, his successors are most unlikely to retain his intransigent loyalty to the Western alliance. Thus it is in Russia's interest to play for a draw at Geneva and then slowly, over a period of five, ten or fifteen years, to wean the Federal Republic away from the West.

The only possible counter to this long-term Russian strategy is for the West to work for a quick final solution of the German problem in the form of a German Peace Treaty. We realise that "neutralisation" is still a dirty word, but there is no lack of feasible compromise plans between the American demand for complete German integration into Nato and the Russian demand for Nato's dissolution. If Sir Anthony fails to put forward one of these compromises as the basis for serious negotiations on a German Peace Treaty linked with a European security pact, this part of the conference will end in what may appear to be an honourable draw, but will in fact be a victory for Russian diplomacy.

Much the same argument applies to the problem of disarmament. Here the Kremlin has substantially accepted the Anglo-French plan, qualifying its agreement only by the limitation it sets to the powers of the "control authority," which is supposed to investigate the production and disposition of arms throughout the world. It is encouraging to notice that on this issue the Americans seem to be moving towards the Russian position. Now that disarmament negotiations have ceased to be part of the cold war game and are being taken seriously, President Eisenhower realises that he too cannot give to an international investigation body the total powers which such a "control authority" implies.

Once the principle of complete investigation—and with it the objective of total disarmament—is abandoned, the chances of reducing armaments are correspondingly increased. But in that case what we need at Geneva is not another general discussion of the principles of disarmament, but agreement on at least one measure, which can set the precedent for a series of practical steps for reducing "war preparedness." The most obvious measure of this kind was that originally proposed by Dr. Robert Oppenheimer—a convention between the Great Powers which would outlaw all further tests of nuclear weapons. Up till now Sir Anthony has refused to accept this proposal when it was put to him, both before and after the Election, by the Opposition. Presumably he has been told that the Government's scientific advisers must be permitted to test our latest nuclear weapons. Such an attitude seems to us completely fantastic. Of all the nations in the world, Britain has least to lose by any measure of nuclear disarmament.

Our conclusion, therefore, is that there are two possible outcomes of the Geneva conference. The first is a drawn game, in which the failure to reach agreement on concrete issues is disguised by high-sounding declarations of peaceful co-existence. If this is the result of the conference, President Eisenhower will be resoundingly praised for avoiding the mistakes of Yalta and giving nothing away. But, in fact, it will be a quiet victory for

Russian diplomacy. The other possibility is that, on the two key issues of German unity and disarmament, the British Government propounds practical compromises, which the Russians could accept as the basis for negotiations. This is what Sir Anthony did last year at Geneva; and, though he incurred temporary unpopularity in the United States, the Americans now have nothing but gratitude for the rapprochement he achieved with Mr. Molotov and Chou En-lai. If he shows similar courage and independence this year, he can achieve an even greater success.

Letter from Moscow

THIS is an exciting moment to be in Moscow. People talk freely; and as the people include visitors and residents from many countries, some who have been here many times, some who have lived here for years, some who are Communists and some who are decidedly nothing of the kind, one may learn a great deal in a short time. Equally important, it is now possible to check and counter-check; to ask what would once have been unanswerable questions from a Soviet citizen and then ask the same question from foreign residents or frequent visitors, and make comparisons and weigh up the results. In short, "The Thaw" (to quote the title of Ilya Ehrenburg's controversial book) is so considerable that a journalist in Moscow may now be a journalist and not a romancer, crystal-gazer or private detective.

No one has removed the innumerable portraits of Stalin or for that matter of Malenkov, who is to be seen, for instance, with his colleagues at official occasions—last week even at the American Fourth July party. A visitor has an inclination to make fun of these crude Stalin pictures. He should restrain himself and recall that they belong to the same artistic period and satisfy the same popular need as the coloured oleographs of Kitchener and Lord Roberts that I remember on every cottage wall when I was a boy and the "last war" meant the Boer War. No one is now being built up to take Stalin's place. No, they tell you, Lenin and Stalin were great geniuses: one cannot expect more of this calibre. Instead, Russia now has a committee or Cabinet system. Some Russians I know are frank enough to say that in spite of his extraordinary services to the country, including of course his rock-like conduct of the war, Stalin's unchecked one-man rule also did immense harm to the U.S.S.R. As to Beria, it is clear that there can seldom have been a more popular or more deserved execution. It is held that he tried to use his control of the police and the Interior to make himself master of Russia; with his disappearance an evil system was swept away—or at any rate broken for the time being.

It is this that makes me optimistic here. The system, not only the man, has been ended. There is now no political figure, no man of Cabinet or top party rank, with personal control of the security police. They are controlled, like other departments of State, by a committee with a functionary as chairman. Ever since the early days of the revolution, the cancer at the heart of Communism has been that the political police have formed a State within a State.

A vivid picture of the change has been given me by an astute and experienced observer here. He mentioned by name well-known Russians who had been recently released from gaol in Moscow, where, like countless others, they had been kept for questioning. They were probably chosen for arrest because they had Western affiliations. That would make it possible for the police to pretend that they were spies. The usual procedure was to tell such victims that their nefarious activities were already known; they would be leniently treated if they confessed. If they were cowardly they would mention the names of "accomplices" and then, having served their dirty purpose, would be sent to Siberia; if they were brave, they might long be held in Moscow. The object of the exercise, my friend said, was to keep alive the belief that only by the activity of the secret police is the country saved from the spies and saboteurs who beset it. Of course there *are* some Western spies, and there have been conspiracies, but the vast and very expensive network of "security" is singularly unnecessary in the now very powerful and highly organised Soviet Union. Something had to be done constantly to maintain the atmosphere of terror lest people doubt the need of its apparatus. Apparently, since the execution of Beria, the liquidators have been thinned out in numbers and shorn of much of their power. One informant told me that he knew of large country houses which were used by the security police; they served, he said, as centres from which the countryside was "terrorised." Today the houses are in some cases comfortable "motels" (as the Americans would call them), where you can enjoy your stay in an atmosphere of tranquillity. One could hardly discover, I thought, a more eloquent example of deliverance from evil.

To be told such things by Communists in Russia itself is a remarkable experience. It is also encouraging to know that many Soviet Communists have done what they could privately to work against this system; it might have made a difference if some of their comrades abroad had been willing to speak the truth and not to pretend to believe the official nonsense that has been constantly defended by Communist parties the world over. Today the pretences are threadbare. It is not so much that a play like Korneichuk's *The Wings*, recently to be seen in Moscow, openly attacks the political police and demands law and justice. Far more significant is the statement, made to me privately, that in some cases such restitution as is possible is to be made to the relatives of some of the innocent victims of the purges.

Nehru's visit to Moscow helped the thaw. He spoke in the big stadium, where I yesterday saw the Italians defeat the Dynamos at football; and, side by side with Marshal Bulganin, he drove for miles through freely congregating crowds. Everywhere in Russia, Nehru was received by the almost frantically delighted public which saw in him the man who was bringing peace. They mean to have it. The Soviet leaders, as a Russian friend said to me yesterday, do not go on trips abroad to Geneva or elsewhere without obtaining results. They will stay as long as necessary. There is some division of opinion about whether the Russians really hope to obtain more than a further "relaxation of tension" or whether they

think it possible that the conferences that should follow Geneva will lead to actual agreements. That depends, no doubt, partly on the attitude of the other Powers. The Russians are likely to be highly realistic. They recall with some irritation that in Berlin, in February, 1954, Molotov put up a security scheme for Europe which still seems to them good, and which the Western Ministers turned down out of hand. We may hear more of this scheme. They are also prepared, I think, to consider steps that fall far short of their long-term objectives. The Western Powers will clearly not abandon Adenauer and the West German adherence to Nato which they have won with so much difficulty. Similarly the U.S.S.R. will clearly not agree to evacuate Eastern Europe and accept "free elections" for East Germany if the united Germany that follows can become a heavily armed part of the Western anti-Soviet alliance. But at Helsinki, Pierre Cot and Ehrenburg (who is more than a private person on such occasions) thought it possible that, as a first step, the French and the Russians might well back a scheme of international control over German rearmament. This would be some safeguard against a blind arms race.

In one discussion of these matters with a prominent Moscow personality, I recalled the jest about the correlation between the foreign policies and favourite games of nations. Dulles plays poker, always trying to build up "strength" in his hand and having his bluff called in Korea, Viet Nam and Matsu and Quemoy. The British play cricket, rather hoping after many days of play for a draw, as Sir Anthony Eden has many times shown. As for Russia, she plays chess—a deep and calculating game. The "important Soviet personality" interested me by remarking, at this point, that in chess it was also sometimes necessary to play for a draw.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Moscow, July 7

London Diary

I AM delighted that Mrs. Sispera is now allowed to bring her children to England. Not because I necessarily believe all the tendentious "colour stories" fudged up about her sufferings; not because I have any means of knowing whether the period of imprisonment she had to undergo was deserved or legitimate; but simply because she plainly no longer liked living in Czechoslovakia, and I believe that people ought to be as free as possible to live where they like—and with their children. Obviously, any country will impose a fairly stringent control on who comes in; but so long as there is no criminal charge outstanding, I can see no reason for limiting a person's absolute right to go out. Even Mr. Nutting—perish the thought—speaks in my name when he tells an ambassador, of whatever country, that incidents like the detention of Mrs. Sispera "poison relations." As far as I am concerned they do; and the principle is one I affirm whether the person concerned is Mrs. Sispera or Paul Robeson—or, indeed, "Russian brides" or Chinese students. Nevertheless, it is worth pointing out that the problem of the British wives in Czechoslovakia is not quite such a straightforward one as it has been made to appear in this country. Many Czech soldiers in Britain during the war married English girls and, when hostilities ceased, returned to Dr. Benes's Czechoslovakia, often as avowed anti-Communists. A considerable number of these were trapped there by the Communist coup of 1948 and, since then, have been treated, not altogether without reason, as enemies of the regime. Whether or not they have committed actual offences against the criminal law, they must as a group have constituted a continuing headache to the Czech authorities; and, in return, they and their English wives have no doubt had a thoroughly disagreeable time. Far the best way out of the problem is for the Czechs to give exit permits to all who want to go—the sooner the better.

* * *

The letter from the Cultural Attaché at the Iraqi Embassy which we publish in our correspondence columns confirms the charges I made two weeks ago in this Diary. It is not denied that educational grants are being withdrawn by the authorities from students who are thought to be closely associated with the Iraqi Students' Society: it is not denied that, in no case, have specific charges been brought to substantiate the vague allegations of "practising Communism" which usually precede the cutting off of the grant. Dr. Hilli claims that some of the students are naughty boys who disregard the conditions of their bursaries. No doubt—but look at the conditions: "not to indulge in any (*sic*) non-academic activities." What a travesty of liberal education! How much point is there in sending students all the way from Iraq to England if they are not to indulge in any of our activities outside the classroom? Suppose, in any case, a student does, however wrongly, break this monstrous condition and so forfeit his bursary, why should he also have his "permission to reside abroad withdrawn?" Why should he even need permission to reside abroad? Since my original paragraph I am told that two more students, one of them not in receipt of a grant, have been deprived of their passports by the Embassy, without any specific charges being brought against them.

* * *

To what real end of justice did Mr. Lloyd-George finally order the hanging of Mrs. Ellis? As a deterrent? Surely not: she herself was not sufficiently deterred to stay her hand, and I doubt if any woman who contemplated murder in such grievous circumstances would be restrained by the thought of her own fate. As a punishment, pure and simple? Mrs. Ellis's suicidal demeanour throughout her trial and imprisonment suggested that death, so far from being a punishment, was welcomed as a relief from the self-created hell in which she already lived. Justice she certainly received, in its narrow sense; but justice as a virtue is tempered with mercy, and mercy was withheld. It is difficult not to conclude that Mrs. Ellis died, at least partly, because she was what most people are content to call an immoral woman; and mercy is a blessing which the English official mind finds it hard to bestow on sexual irregularity. Yet to dismiss Mrs. Ellis as merely a woman of easy virtue is to ignore the questions which are most relevant to her claim on our compassion. How much had she suffered? How far was her judgment clouded by ill-treatment and provocation? What is to become of her ten-year-old son, to whom she was reported to be devoted and who has now been made an orphan by a deliberate act of policy? Mr. Lloyd-George asks us to accept that hanging was the *only* way of doing justice to a woman who was not by nature a criminal in any accepted sense of the word; and no doubt he realised that a reprieve in this case—where there had obviously been no mistrial—might discredit finally the moral that capital punishment is the inevitable price of murder. Yet mercy is implicit in British justice; and once a Home Secretary demonstrates that the "prerogative of mercy" has become no more than a super-judicial review of the legality of a trial, it is hard to believe that public opinion will for long tolerate a criminal law which prescribes the scaffold and strains at mercy.

* * *

The B.B.C.'s judgment of news value seemed to me sadly adrift when it demoted Mr. Attlee's admirable speech at Tuesday's meeting of the Socialist International to a couple of boring sentences in the middle of the News. But perhaps there was some excuse. True, the occasion was historic. But, as the *Manchester Guardian*, which reported Mr. Attlee at length, acidly implied, it was quite damnably dull and depressing. That, however, is surely no excuse for the *Daily Herald*, which on Wednesday devoted three inches on an inside page—under an incomprehensible headline—to the whole story. The *Herald's* judgment of news value is well worth observing. Its front page contains 160 column inches. On the morning in question, these were consumed approximately as follows: a soft-drink advertisement, 16; a "House" advertisement, 4; descriptive matter about the scenes preceding Mrs. Ellis's execution, 48½; Ascot, 31; other sport, 14½; politics, 9; cartoon, 4; miscellaneous trivialities, 33. It all seems very odd in the official Labour paper.

* * *

I asked the Colonial Office this week how long it was since the last visit by a Colonial Secretary to Cyprus. I received a cautious—and I thought slightly embarrassed—reply that Mr. Lennox-Boyd's trip last weekend was thought to be the first such occasion. It is an excellent thing that Mr. Lennox-Boyd now goes to find out at first hand what representative Cypriots feel. But how much better if he had gone before the bombs began to burst—in other provinces, after all, the present Government likes to attach importance to the principle of not negotiating under duress. Or better still if Viscount Chandos had paid such a visit before committing the Government to the untenable doctrine of "no self-determination," which is the direct cause of the present trouble. Now that the Government has to find a way out of the difficulty it has created for itself, the meeting between Mr. Lennox-Boyd and Archbishop Makarios might have far-reaching effects; for, incredible though it sounds, neither the present Governor nor his predecessor had ever even met the Archbishop. No wonder Whitehall finds it easy to misjudge Cypriot opinion.

* * *

It was William Whitebait who made my mind up. "Great Garbo," he wrote, ". . . the total blending of art, beauty and appeal." So, after two weeks of funk, I slipped in one sunny afternoon to see her again. It is an unnerving experience to submit a cherished memory to the cold shower of contemporary fact; and Garbo to me, as to so many of my generation, has been for twenty-five years the most cherished of memories. In a series of mostly trivial films—unlike Chaplin she seems never to have *bothered* to insist on the setting which could have heightened her lustre—we fell in love with her, until suddenly (after Ninotchka, was it?) she disappeared. Hence the funk. Was it possible that her light could shine as we remembered it through a twenty-year-old melodrama? But we needn't have worried. From the corny melodramatics of the re-issued *Camille* she distills more femininity, more passion, more humanity, more sheer beauty than the post-war generation has ever seen. Emerging again from her eclipse, she is a more refulgent star by com-

parison with the evanescent galaxy of hell-cats and cuties who have succeeded her. She died, the other afternoon, in a fierce and tearful silence, broken only by the hideous sobbing of two very young women in existentialist clothes and L.S.E. hair-dos. My generation was vindicated. At least we knew how to jerk a tear.

FLAVUS

Our Own Executioner

Shall we put an end to the human race, or shall mankind renounce war?
(Scientists' statement on hydrogen bomb.)

To be or not to be—that's the question—
Death or survival for *all* mankind.
Scientists offer a bold suggestion,
Armaments must be left behind,
National policies redefined,
For Nemesis stares man in the face.
Will world leaders now act together?
It simply and solely depends on whether
Heads of State love the human race.

World peace—or genocide universal,
World death from radioactive dust.
Not in reprisals or in dispersal,
Nor even in Providence can we trust
To smite the wicked and save the just.
But will each nation the rest embrace,
Dismantling means of self-protection,
Without the proof of sincere affection
From every branch of the human race?

Mere material preservation,
Of the biological species, Man,
(Predestined crown of divine creation)
Is not endorsed by the Vatican.
Peace must be part of a wider plan
In which the scientists have no place.
Science increases mankind's affliction,
And the Church can sanction no benediction
For the godless part of the human race.

To peace the Powers are all devoted,
But how to win it? Ah, there's the rub.
The pacifist plea is duly noted,
But meddling scientists statesmen snub
For starting an ill-timed peace hubbub.
Though mankind vanish without a trace,
Renunciation of war's insanity,
Of fellowship preached by Christianity
Is too much to ask of mere humanity,
For nobody loves the human race.

SAGITTARIUS

This England

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Mrs. Ellis was in good health at all times, and in a fit state of health for execution, he said.—Medical Officer, Holloway Prison, reported in *Evening News* (Olga Miller).

Exclusiveness helps to make a party go, Lady Pamela believes. So numbers are cut down to 300 (450 at the Mansion House last January): "I think people like to feel flattered at having been chosen to come to a smaller party," she said.—*News Chronicle* (S. Freeman).

An optician who gave himself a sight test in his own consulting room, then asked for his fee under the National Health scheme, has had his claim rejected by the London Ophthalmic Services Committee.—*News Chronicle* (E. Jones).

Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Pryde, who moved to Eastbourne in December, have decided to leave for a "friendlier place," following complaints by neighbours and officials about the colour of the roof tiles at their house in King's Drive. They are red, while all the other roofs are brown.—*Daily Telegraph* (A. Russell).

Thoughts in the Wilderness

OUR NEW SOCIETY

MR. GAITSKELL, my morning paper tells me, has perceived a new trend in our society, and he says of it: "Call it if you like a growing Americanisation of outlook." Some of us were publicly noting this trend over ten years ago, but I for one never found any Labour politician who thought it worth discussing. Their minds were on more serious things. Now of course it is different. In the same way, since the general election, sensible public men have told me, rather hesitantly, cautiously, that some apathy about politics seems to exist and that perhaps industrial man's state of mind may have something to do with these expensive strikes. I sometimes think the basis of a sound sensible public career and reputation is simply to have control of an unusual amount of bland impudence, so that, staring at him hard, you can solemnly tell a man a part of what he has been telling you for years.

Mr. Gaitskell, who has just discovered a growing Americanisation of outlook that may profoundly affect the future of the Labour Party, is neither impudent nor stupid. The reason that he is years and years out of date, and that he is now telling us what we were trying to tell him even before the war ended, is that he does not appreciate the interdependence of things in this world. He sees himself as a serious man who must restrict his attention to serious matters, the sort of stuff that finds its way into the City columns of *The Times*. It would never occur to him to take a look at *Mabel's Weekly* or *Filmfans Pictorial*. It is now some years since certain sections of the popular press, still pretending to be more British than the Union Jack, began to treat London as a suburb of New York. The theatre publicity of 1945 and the mood of the electorate in 1955 are linked together; the trouble is, so few people give both of them some thoughtful consideration. And it is from the frivolities and trivialities, far below the level of a public man's attention, that the little straws come, those straws that still show which way the wind is blowing. Now that this wind has arrived at gale force, serious dependable men, sound thinkers, notice at last that all the air is moving in one direction.

Nevertheless, to talk of "a growing Americanisation of outlook" will not do. It is years out of date. We are living now in a new society. It would be unfair both to my distinguished collaborator and our joint publishers to quote from a book, called *Journey Down a Rainbow*, that will, I hope, appear in the autumn. But in my half of the book I coin a name for this new society. We must give it a name if only in order to stop calling it American. True, America is at the head of it. But the notion that this society only flourishes in America and is merely fleetingly reflected in Western Europe and elsewhere, is to my mind no longer acceptable. We are all in it. (That is, in a broad sense, as members of a contemporary society. As individuals here and there, we may still be more or less living in the 18th Century, the Middle Ages, even the Stone Ages.) It is only fair to point out that some of the most active and severest critics of this new society are themselves American. In fact, the thoughtful American is more aware of the dangers and weaknesses than all but a very few Western Europeans. The American cannot help but realise that, for better or worse, he lives in this society. The European may fool himself, and generally does, into believing that its existence is still a mere distant threat. He is in a more dangerous situation—and this applies particularly to the English—just because he cannot or will not face the fact than the change has already occurred.

If our man is a public figure, it is ten to one that in his writings and speeches he still assumes the existence of a society that has in fact now ceased to exist. Clearly, this is a very dangerous illusion. It is as if a man imagined he was riding in a carriage-and-pair when he was already travelling at sixty miles an hour in a car, as if he still asked us to admire the glossy action of the horses, the coachman's skill with the whip, the sensible pace of ten miles an hour. Of course, if he is an intuitive, as many successful public men are, especially the officially Conservative types, he will actually behave as if the change had taken place—otherwise, where would he be?—but he will give us no sign that his thought accepts it. He will talk to us about our traditions, even if those traditions no longer have any inner validity and force and are in fact only part of the great show that amuses the idle-minded mob. He will still praise the love of liberty of people who would cheerfully exchange their last glimpses of freedom for a new car, a refrigerator and a 14in television screen. He will congratulate the same people on their power of choice when he must know very well, for he has often been in conference with the experts, that now they have about as much real power of choice as the people called from the audience by a conjurer. He will orate about our Christian community to men and women who are living in the most blankly secular and material society the world has known since Hadrian's Rome. He will praise the spiritual values of people who would not spend ten shillings or an hour on them, who have believed for years that all they can hope for is a better spring mattress in the execution chamber.

A few weeks ago something happened in America that appeared to rouse no interest whatever in our popular papers. Three elderly judges announced that the State Department had no right to refuse passports to citizens without due process of law. These three judges belonged to the society that is rapidly vanishing. The State Department, which I suspect will continue to prevent citizens, convicted of no crime, from leaving the country, belongs to the new society. The press that considered the decision of these judges not to be worth half a column, also belongs to the new society. It knows what interests the mass of its readers, who, as members of the new society, care nothing if the State continues to exercise more and more power and the individual loses more and more essential liberty. We are often told that in our new society there is a new middle class taking the place of the old. And this is true if you think that attitudes of mind are of no importance, if you think in terms of income, rugs, baths, easy chairs and household gadgets. But the old middle class, with all its faults, had two virtues. Being in the middle, above the level at which ham and eggs are more important than liberty, below the level at which the enjoyment of direct power becomes itself important, it was sharply suspicious of all concentrations of power and of all threats to liberty. Its second virtue was that not being concerned with elementary security and not seeking the enjoyment of power, it was able to feel a certain sense of responsibility about society in general, often making some sacrifice to keep values alive. It said "we" and not "they." But the new middle class in our new society, though no doubt crammed with nice people, well-behaved, clean and healthy and kind, does not

possess these virtues. First, it wants security at almost any cost. Secondly, under the relentless pressure of mass communications and everything that manipulates them, it wants what it is told to want, accepting almost without question any shoddy cheapjack set of values. So more and more we find ourselves among either the simple or the cynical, the manipulators and the manipulated. The creative, enthusiastic, vigilant and combative types, like the old Radicals I once knew, begin to look like anachronisms. Which is what they are in the new society.

In the most strangely prophetic poem of this century, Yeats began by declaring that things were falling apart and that the centre could not hold. The new society, which has no centre, was on its way to us. It is now all round us. (In my view, it embraces almost all the earth, because Communism only offers a grimmer variation of this society, with propaganda and the secret police taking the place of high-pressure advertising and salesmanship. It has the same pattern of rulers and ruled, the actively powerful and the passively powerless, and what it wants is more or less the same.) And here in England we must not deceive ourselves because Derby still looks different from Dallas. If Derby had the money, space and energy, it would soon look like Dallas: it is on the way there. That is why it is too late now to refer to "a growing Americanisation of outlook." In the last piece I contributed to these columns, on Billy Graham, I suggested that now we might be worse off than the Americans, and it seems to be significant that most of the letters I received, agreeing with my estimate of Billy Graham's campaign, arrived from America. There is at least less self-deception over there, more signs of a definite revolt. I find one odd bit of evidence in the way in which the death and personality of Dylan Thomas impressed the American imagination. For here, to the point of self-destruction perhaps, was an unabashed and loud-voiced rebel against every possible standard of the new society, a Celtic bard among the skyscrapers, a man who refused to be conditioned like the air he finally breathed. And it was the American crowd, not the British (still being told that a new TV parlour game is a national event), who, for a little space, with their ancestors stirring in the remoter depths of their minds, contemplated the doomed figure of this archetypal poet with strange mixed feelings, bewilderment, regret, and awe.

It must be all of fifteen years since I wrote a little piece for *Horizon* called "Labour Leaders At The Ivy," in which I asked myself if they had any guiding vision of the kind of Britain they hoped to create when they achieved power. I suspected then, and know now, they had not. Old hands who for years had used perorations about William Morris and Merrie England helped to contrive an England in which artists faced starvation and City men walked away with millions. Now, after a sharp defeat that could easily have been anticipated, one of the younger and more astute of them has arrived at a recognition of "a growing Americanisation of outlook." But it is something more than an imported outlook he and his friends must consider now. It is indeed a whole new society, much further removed from 1900 than 1900 was from 1850. We are always being told about visitors from some other planet. They have arrived, and may be found in the nearest street. They are the children of a new age.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

In Esterhazy's Burgenland

AT Pamhagen, two hours' drive from Vienna, the Western world ends abruptly. In the long, broad village street, infested by hundreds of the Burgenland's innumerable geese, and flanked by low, whitewashed houses with doors built to give on to defensible side-alleys, we had stopped our car in deference to a peasant wedding. The married pair (both so plain in looks as to suggest a marriage of convenience between adjacent farms) were stepping self-consciously at funeral pace from church to feast, preceded majestically by the township's brass band—cornet, bass, bass trumpet, and the thing which you blow round your neck. Stolid, thirsty-looking friends followed in procession; children skipped around, a pig tried impertinently to charge the cortège. The "liberated" Burgenland honours the rites of Hymen, with plentiful libations to follow of heavy, Ruster wine. Yet, a kilometre eastwards, the road died, without warning, in grass and weeds: across its grave, stretching north and south to the horizon, ran the real Iron Curtain—a belt, thirty yards wide, of barbed wire, reinforced by "plate" mines. On the east side, wooden towers, built like deer-shooters' vantage points in Styria, held—or had held until recently—men with rifles in their hands.

Physical barrier? Certainly. Ideological? That was a question to which I had been seeking the Burgenland's answer. Where we stood, the belt of wire had been drawn about 20 yards east of the old stone frontier-marks. To that strip of Hungary's soil, now presented heedlessly to Austria by the arbitrament of cold war, Communist Hungarian peasants came after dark, braving wire and mines, to mow and gather the hay growing on land they thought of as theirs. It was their right, said an Austrian smallholder, hoeing his patch on the "free" side of the wire. The sense of ownership of the soil is sometimes stronger than Marxism, or belief in the superiority of Western values.

That, oddly enough, is a proposition which the Russians, during their ten-years' occupation of the Burgenland, seem to have endorsed. In this easternmost province of Austria—a slice of the great Pannonian plain which Lloyd George and Clemenceau tore casually out of Hungary in 1919, and then partitioned so irritatingly that its two main towns, Eisenstadt and Oedenburg (Sapron), fly different flags, the Esterhazys used to rule in feudal splendour. Today, the Prince is in a Hungarian jail; the family's preposterous palace in Eisenstadt, with its barracks for a private troop of cavalry, has been turned into offices for the provincial government; and the Esterhazy estates (about 90,000 acres of arable, pasture and woodland) passed, with their 7,500 farm labourers, into the keeping of USIA, the Soviet administration for "enemy" property in Austria.

The *Landrat* in Eisenstadt, like all Austrian officials, was highly critical of USIA's agricultural operations. Timber, he said, had been felled with an Occupying Power's inordinate greed. (This charge, I later discovered, could be levied with at least equal force against private landowners in Western Austria: the Russians set reasonable limits to felling in their zone.) Moreover, who knew what subversive ideas had not been drilled into peasant heads? I said I should like to go and see for myself. But certainly: a guide would be provided. So eastward we drove through Pannonia—across the Roman road down which successive northern invaders had marched to Italy; past Purbach, where a stone Turk's head mounted on a chimney commemorates the fate of a straggler in the great retreat from Vienna who fell asleep and was made prisoner by the villagers; through quiet little townships where storks nested on gables, and only a fine new school or two reminded one that this was not the eighteenth century.

Among the farms at which we called, Seehof, near Donnerskirch, was typical—a group of big barns, two rows of cottages (shabby, but clean enough) for the former *Knechte* (paid workers), and a larger, tumble-down house in which Prince Esterhazy's bailiff had once lived. A group of peasants under a tree were having their mid-day rest. How were things? Good, much better than in the old days, said a sturdy, middle-aged woman with a face like a jolly walnut: no bullying bailiff, no more sweating for low wages, paid half in kind; with land of one's own, one was free, secure. This declaration evoked violent dissent from others in the group. "All very well for her: she got round the Russians by pretending to be a Communist, and secured a specially good allotment with a patch of vines on it. Most of us, with eight or ten acres of land and not enough manure, slave as hard as ever, and—even in a good year—have to stand all the risks and worries of marketing. With 25 acres, perhaps, one might do well. As it is, life is hard, bitterly hard."

Such were the mixed reactions I found to Soviet land reform. But the oddest thing was that the Russians had, in fact, done absolutely nothing to institute agricultural planning on their own lines—no collective farms, no tractor stations, no attempt even to encourage producer-co-operatives. Parcelling out the Esterhazy acres arithmetically among the *Knechte* (I could find no real evidence of political favouritism), the Soviet administration had created 7,500 smallholders who had no capital to buy tractors or fertilisers, and told them to get on with the job. A C.P. organiser in Vienna assured me afterwards that the Russians had studiously refrained, in this province, from doing anything which the Austrian Government could complain of as "interference." That may be so; but a Russian officer whom I found spinning for pike in a lake near Purbach, and who knew enough German for a friendly chat, shrugged his shoulders when I asked why there were no *kolhozi*. "It wouldn't have worked here," he said; "not with these *Bauern*." The word held contempt.

So, retracing our way circuitously from Pamhagen to avoid the ridiculous frontier, we went back to Eisenstadt, where Haydn played the organ in a church to which an incredible Calvarium—constructed like a Tunnel of Love in a fairground, with Commedia dell' Arte figures watching Christ's sufferings—is annexed. There can be prosperity for the Burgenland. Given machinery and fertilisers, this one province could feed almost the whole of Austria—but not, I think, without radical changes in the system of uneconomically small holdings which the Russians have introduced. That is a problem which they are leaving "liberated" Austria to solve; and, since the peasants have tasted ownership, the solution may not be easy. Perhaps it might have been easier if USIA *had* inculcated—as the *Landrat* feared—a few "Red" ideas of collective effort. Still, I reflected, there were those fine, new schools. And as we sat over coffee in Eisenstadt our guide told me a story. As recently as 1938 a village girl had been sent for by the *Landrat* in connection with some pension claim. Told to wait in the ante-chamber, she proceeded to undress. What rights other than those of *primae noctis* could the *Landrat* be proposing to exercise? Today, the Seehof peasants had talked to us politely, but had kept their seat as free and equal men and women, though we emerged from an official (and rather impressive) car. Things do move—even in the Burgenland.

AYLMER VALLANCE

A Family Affair

To an Englishman, class, like sex, is a delicate matter. If he is civilised, he does not allow it to influence his judgment of a man's needs or the value of his friendship. If he is a Socialist, he believes that a classless society is the ideal towards which the Labour Party should strive. But whatever his private thoughts, political views or social status, he is likely to think that to talk about class is vulgar. Perhaps this explains why, save for references in academic books and journals and occasional letters in the press, so little has been said about the remarkable class composition of the two post-war Tory governments.

"In England," wrote Matthew Arnold in 1879, "the Government is composed of a string of aristocratical personages, with one or two men from the professional class who are engaged with them." How far is this true of the present Government? If one takes as "aristocratical" a man whose father or grandparent or whose wife's father or grandparent held or holds a hereditary title, 72 per cent. of the present Cabinet, 50 per cent. of the non-Cabinet Ministers and 41 per cent. of the Junior Ministers are in this category. Of the eighty-eight Tory aristocrats in the House of Commons, 12.5 per cent. are in the Cabinet and a further 17 per cent. are Ministers or Junior Ministers, the corresponding figures for the two hundred and fifty-seven Tory commoners being 1.2 per cent. and 11 per cent.

In proportion to their numbers in the House, the aristocrats have been ten times more successful than their commoner colleagues in becoming Cabinet Ministers and more than twice as successful in obtaining some office in the Government. A number of the Tory aristocrats in the House of Commons are related to each other by blood or by marriage. Ten appear to be the direct descendants, or to have married the direct descendants of the Duke of Devonshire and the Earl of Crawford, whose families are connected by marriage. Three of these are in the Government: a Peer also who married a direct descendant of the Duke is in the Cabinet.

The seventy-five Tory Etonians in the House of Commons, forty-eight of whom are also aristocrats, have been almost as successful as the latter in obtaining office. Of their number, 27 per cent. are members of the Government, compared with 13 per cent. of those who went to other schools. Eight Etonian M.P.s are in the Cabinet, a further twelve are Ministers or Junior Ministers. Nine (1954 *Vacher*) are Parliamentary Private Secretaries; two are Whips; seven have been Junior Ministers and three have been P.P.S.s in previous governments. Thus 55 per cent. are, or have been, in office or in posts regarded as stepping stones to office. Of the remaining thirty-four, twelve were elected to the House for the first time in 1954 or 1955 and could not therefore expect preferment. Here is the picture:—

BRITISH GOVERNMENT, JUNE 1955

	Aristocrats in Commons	Commoners	Lords (*a*)
Cabinet (*18*) ..	11 (*61%*)	3 (*17%*)	4 (*22%*)
Ministers (*20*) .. (Non-Cabinet)	6 (*30%*)	9 (*45%*)	5 (*25%*)
Junior Ministers (*32*) ..	9 (*28%*)	19 (*59%*)	4 (*13%*)
Total (*70*) ..	26 (*37%*)	31 (*44%*)	13 (*19%*)

(*a*) Including Peers who are not "aristocrats"

In Sir Anthony Eden's Cabinet, 13 Ministers have been at either Oxford or Cambridge, and ten of these are Etonians. For the 20 non-Cabinet Ministers, the corresponding figures are 16 and eight; and for the 32 Junior Ministers 18 and nine. The whole administration of 70 Lords and Commoners includes 27 Etonians, and 47 were at either Oxford or Cambridge.

The success of the aristocrats and Etonians in obtaining office is due no doubt to several causes. One is certainly the early age at which they first become M.P.s. Of the thirty-eight Tories in the House who were under thirty years of age when first elected, nineteen are aristocrats and fifteen are Etonians. The average age at which all the Tory aristocrats first entered the House is 35.2 years, compared with 40.4 years for their commoner colleagues. The corresponding age for Etonians is 37.7 years; for aristocrat Ministers 33.6 years, and non-aristocrat Ministers 37.7 years. The five years' advantage gained by the Tory aristocrat on entering the House gives him an opportunity to display his talents while still too young for office. A second factor is that the qualities of the young aristocrat are likely to be known to those high up in the party before he enters the House; and in forming a Government, a Prime Minister may well prefer the known to the unknown.

A third and perhaps the most important factor is that the Tory aristocrat has at home, at school and at the University imbibed conservative principles, and he knows and accepts the social code by which those high up in the party live. He may not be the complete answer to a Tory Prime Minister's prayer but he is unlikely to fall far short of it. It is no accident that six of the eighteen members of Sir Anthony Eden's Cabinet were at Christ Church. For more than one hundred and fifty years this college has had close associations with the aristocracy and with the Government of the day. Between 1801 and 1924, of the 306 persons who were Cabinet Ministers, 118 were at Oxford and of these, sixty were at Christ Church. (Laski: *Studies in Law and Politics*.) Thus Sir Anthony, who was himself at Christ Church, is merely maintaining a Tory tradition.

Time will show the consequences of mid-twentieth century aristocratic rule. Neither in this country nor elsewhere is history on its side. It is true that our aristocracy, unlike that in other countries, has been responsive to public opinion; it has not closed its ranks to outsiders, and the ease with which its sons obtain seats in the House of Commons suggests that, fifty-seven years after the death of Gladstone, there are still many people who have a wonderful preference for a lord. But aristocracy must by definition be a relatively exclusive circle; its first-hand experience of the way in which the vast majority of our community live and work must be necessarily slight. A Government such as the present one, in which thirty-seven of the thirty-eight most important Ministerial posts are filled by the products of fourteen Public Schools, may strive to serve the community but it cannot represent it. It has been argued that the community is best served, not by those who are truly representative of it, but by aristocrats of birth and breeding. There is little evidence for this view, and many periods in history bear emphatic witness against it. Whatever validity this argument may have, it is significant that no Tory today would venture to use it.

MARY STEWART

Pretending to be Soho

THERE used to be—I daresay there still is—an admirable honesty about Soho. It did not pretend to be something: it just *was*. You went there for "Continental" food and, more or less, got it, either dear and rather good, or cheap and not so good. Besides, Soho was what used to be called "bohemian": you could, if you had the odd taste for it, see actors, artists and writers eating. It was even romantic: any Italian with rather heavy eyebrows might be an initiate of the Camorra; you were at liberty to think so, while he himself never pretended to be anything but a hard-working waiter whose feet hurt and who was sending a pound a week to his aged parents in Naples. Like him, the *pasta* and tinned snails in the shops, the aubergines and artichokes on the market stalls, were—and still are—honest merchandise.

But the bell is tolling. Soho is having a Fair. Self-consciousness has reared its eager and complacent head. Someone has had the idea of producing Soho to the world so that it is not only to *be* Soho, but also to pretend to be. It is, of course, understandable: you cannot market anything today without a good, bright pack, and if the merchandise suffers in the packing or canning, advertising superlatives can always make up for that loss of integrity.

First sight of the Fair on Sunday morning was reassuring. Those uncunningly placed flags, that meagre bunting, the total want of any uniform plan of decoration, or of any decoration at all in some streets, was encouragingly like the fête to raise funds for the village hall. Not that the Fair is intended to raise funds for a cause; only the cause, doubtless excellent, of Soho's commerce. It's called "creating goodwill."

The crowd which had gathered to watch the start of the waiters' race in Soho Square was pleasantly parochial. The people, of, we are assured, many nationalities (yet I heard more glottal stops than Greek), all seemed to know the competing waiters. There were, to be sure, some outsiders: I spotted at least three Americans—probably some of those who, *vide* the literature, have been "clamouring" for information about the Fair. There were also those who, like ourselves, had come to cheer and stayed not, certainly, to mock, but to feel slightly embarrassed at the spectacle of the running waiters, some really running and very honestly balancing their half-bottle of champagne on their tray; others carrying the bottle in their left hand and falling into a discouraged shuffle; but almost all a little shy, a shade too debonair, like the squire who dutifully but unzealously takes part in the egg-and-spoon race at the village sports.

As far as we could see, the winner, Movietone News, and, surprisingly the fire-brigade all arrived at the corner of Old Compton Street at about the same moment. The crowd was dense: if not the world beyond, at least all Soho was present, and the fire-escapes and engine looked like being jammed in indefinitely by people either

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reluctant to move out of a sun hot enough to have been the making of any garden party, or hoping to see the principal star of Paris cabaret present the winning waiter with his prize on the spot.

A cynic behind us, with a Smyrna profile but a cockney accent, suggested that, whoever had contrived a fire at that time, knew what he was about: not much chance of his arrangements to turn real estate into liquid capital being upset by interfering firemen. This gross libel was scouted by a thin youth who had been reproached by a lady in a picture hat for being too lazy to enter the race: if fire-engines appeared it was obviously because a hoaxer had sounded the alarm. Meanwhile, life being less corrupt than the imaginations of those living it, the fat was literally in the fire at the *Café Bleu* and its proprietor, Mr. Bossi, upon returning from witnessing the athletics, and finding the engines outside his premises, was seen to clasp his head and demand, repeatedly (as if his *chef* were quite unreasonably secretive), "What's cookin'? What's cookin'?"

At luncheon our own waiter—no, he was *not* in the race, he was far too busy—sadly deplored these goings on. Soho, he said, was not what it had been. We wondered what it had been? A quiet, well-ordered place, it appears, the well-known eccentricities of its denizens and visitors made seemly by convention, indeed stylisation. And now? Well, what with those *espresso* bars (as if you could make good coffee by machinery!) and the bad hats among the Jamaicans peddling reefers, and tarts every two yards unless the police had cleaned up the streets in the past fortnight—our waiter shook his head while we, not daring to confess a passionate addiction to *espresso* coffee and a sneaking liking for *cappuccinos*, wanted to know whether, at least, he would see the parade? No. But he was rather apologetic about it. The fact was, he liked to get his feet up after duty.

Having no such occupational disability, we made for the parade assembly point where it was at once apparent that the "floats" entered by firms, associations and other corporate concerns, could be classified under two headings: there were professional sales-promotion vehicles of no great interest; and privately contrived entries which, once again, had the pleasing and reassuring amateurishness of the village fête. Only the Hong Kong restaurant had achieved a stylish float. Surely the irony of the National Savings float was unintentional? Two pretty girls in long frocks and picture hats, all among flowers, the whole vaguely pre-Sarajevo, suggested, if anything, that Investing in Britain was investing in a golden past rather than a steely future. Brutally honest was the Visual Arts float: the Visual Arts, it suggested, were best represented by a number of swim-suited young women, by all too solid female flesh very boldly flaunted. Well, why not? Are not the Visual Arts today concerned with using that means to sell anything from lust-films to laxatives?

Odd how this frankly carnal display was shamed by the lovely Chinese girl who, modestly, even hieratically swathed and coiffed in white linen, gravely decorated the back of the Hong Kong restaurant's float which, made beautiful with elaborate paper lanterns, carried a whole Chinese orchestra. We should have liked to hear more of its wailing music, but it was overwhelmed by the—no doubt skilful—uproar of a dance band in another vehicle, and the oomph-oomph music of a more or less military band, civilianised, and marching red-faced and blowing like mad in the heat-wave. But if this downright occidental din was too much for the more plaintive music of the east, not all the leg and tummy waving of the Visual Arts young ladies could distract eyes or cheers from the quiet statement of the Chinese maiden. Nor—for it does not do to credit a good-natured crowd, there to admire, with more sensibility than it probably possessed—from the contretemps of the Greeks in, presumably, chlamys, who marched in open sandals behind the splendid Greek chariot advertising Hellenic products (not Plato, however; wine and currants), and who had a word for the two ponies drawing the vehicle, which copiously provided them with something to walk in.

To complete the parade, there was a Dutch entry which was pleasing: an enormous kind of hurdy-gurdy or barrel-organ, an elaborate contrivance with a façade like a Gothic townhall in Germany, but the composition of figures, faces and ribbons all brightly painted. It, too, made a musical contribution, the authentic plonk-plonk barrel-organ kind, at the turning, by one of its sweltering servants, of an S-spoked wheel large enough to operate the sluice-gates of a Thames lock.

All quite good fun. But we wondered whether the shop-keepers and publicans and restaurateurs of Soho were being really wise. In the foyer of the Café Royal, which contributes an exhibition of paintings by artists who once frequented it, the first picture to catch the eye is a Toulouse-Lautrec poster. (Did he frequent the Café Royal?) It was a reminder that Montmartre, too, became self-conscious and produced itself, whereupon the creators of its character moved to Montparnasse. But perhaps customers conducted in motor-coaches spend more than casuals in search of something tastier than roast meat and two veg.

EDWARD HYAMS

July, 1955 Vol. XXVI, No. 3

Special Number

THE REVOLT AGAINST REASON

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The Arts and Entertainment

Ma Courage

BEFORE I redeem my promise of last week, I must first commend a new playwright, Mr. Norman King, who is presented by John Clements at the Savile. *The Shadow of Doubt* is a straightforward, old fashionedly constructed play about a physicist. We see him first in a ghastly furnished flat in a town in the north of England. He has been in prison for betraying secrets to "the other side," and now under an assumed name is working at some dull unimportant routine job. The action centres on an attempt to get hold of him by the others and the successful frustration of this design by "us." But the action is not important, nor—and this is a weakness—is the moral problem of his "treason," which is virtually sidestepped. The merits of the play are, first, its atmosphere—the dinginess and seediness are admirably caught; and secondly, the tension which is excellently sustained throughout, but kept well below melodrama. Mr. John Clements gives a most convincing and interesting performance as the physicist, living on his nerves and driven by a single-minded compulsion, and he is very well supported by his cast which includes Raymond Huntley, Patrick Barr and Jane Baxter. As Mr. King develops his technique, he may well be an acquisition.

And now I must bring myself to re-tackle *Mother Courage* and Herr Brecht's "epic theatre." It needs an effort, because I am no less resistant than most of us to Theories of Theatre, and find it hard not to feel that his business of "alienation" is a lot of highbrow nonsense. But, equally, one must resist the natural philistinism of middle age and be prepared to admit that there may be something in it. Obviously a reaction against Stanislavsky is overdue, and Brecht's "epic theatre" offers itself as a successor. Briefly, and in so far as I can wrest meaning from the complicated language in which the Master and his disciples wrap up their theories, Epic Theatre aims at displaying events on the stage to the understanding of the audience rather than to its feelings. It invites the audience to watch and judge and criticise from the outside. It deliberately aims at stopping them entering imaginatively into the feelings of the characters, and would debar them from the old-fashioned pleasure of "losing themselves" in the play or identifying themselves with the people and their situations. And there are technical devices for actors and producers to help them to bring about this anti-effect (I must refer those who are interested in these to a most interesting article by Michael Redgrave in *World Theatre*, Volume one, number four. Mr. Redgrave there makes a determined effort to understand what Brecht is driving at and to find out how far his theories may help actors in general.)

I cannot yet attempt to explain why it is thought desirable to "alienate" the sympathies of the audience in this way. Doubtless it is something to do with social realism, and the Communist disregard of the importance of the individual. (And we can remind ourselves that the exclusive interest in the personal life is after all a comparatively recent phenomenon in literature and drama. The classical Greek theatre and the Elizabethan theatre too had other primary preoccupations.) But judged by alienation standards, *Mother Courage* must surely be an outstanding failure. I defy any audience, however proletarian or socially realist, to be alienated in their sympathy from the dominating figure in this play. If we are not meant to feel with and for her, then she is shockingly badly presented, for it is virtually impossible not to.

Herr Brecht has always had a sympathetic understanding of the muddy underworld of the

dispossessed; and his scene, the squalor of life behind the lines in the Thirty Years War, gives full scope for this interest. Old Ma Courage (*Mother* had quite the wrong ring in English) is a superbly created representative figure, earthy, salty and raw. Tenacity is the spring which works her. She clings like a barnacle to the rusty bottom of life, and nothing—no disaster, set-back, threat or bribe—will make her let go her hold. That is her sole passion (it is the playwright who exalts it into a virtue). Wherever the war rages, from the Low Countries to Italy, from the Rhine to the Vistula, Ma Courage plods behind it, dragging her waggon along and selling cheap brandy and slops to the armies. On the underside of the war victories and defeats, slogans and battle cries are all of equal unimportance. All that matters is living and clinging to the means of living, and the will to cling on. This frame of mind and the conditions which bred it Herr Brecht evokes with an extraordinary power and vividness. He is brilliant at the raw and raucous reek of low life. This is his strength. His weakness is the (no doubt obligatory) special anti-war pleading which is obvious and dull, and the excessively infantile blasphemy which is roughly on the level of that of an urchin fouling a church. These passages alone would convince us that Herr Brecht is far from being a Master.

But he is a fine playwright, if an uneven one. The best episodes in *Mother Courage* are superbly dramatic and exciting, and the whole, in spite of the weak passages, is a conception which imposes itself absolutely and lingers in the imagination. Somehow the vastnesses of space and scale are created and the squalid life teems. The only signs of "alienation" obvious to me are in a completely unnecessary narration in which we are told before each scene what is going to happen. Presumably this is in order to rob us of the pleasure of surprise; but it is no more effective in doing this than are those explicatory chapter headings ("Chapter so and so in which our hero does so and so and so") in the picaresque novels of Smollet and Fielding. Indeed, there is something in Brecht's method of this early narrative form, except that it is *voulu* rather than natural, as if he was conscious of the fact that half his audiences might be unlettered.

On the other hand, it may be that the production by Theatre Workshop did not in this respect represent the author's intentions, and I gather that Brecht's representative, sent over to keep the production on orthodox lines, was far from satisfied with the results achieved. So, less understandably in my view, were all my colleagues. Perhaps Theatre Workshop must suffer now from being over-praised in Paris. This production (apart from minor blemishes arising from local conditions) seemed to me to be well up to Theatre Workshop standards. A high finish has never been possible in the conditions in which they work, and only a limited number of them are good actors. Imagination and intelligent improvisation have to do duty for the more expensive effects with which a State theatre will endow a Brecht as long as he is willing to remain loyal. Brecht, it is said, conceives his plays as whole entities which depend on the mechanics of a fully equipped modern theatre, and I quite see that with a revolving stage and all available apparatus, this play, written for full-scale treatment, might have seemed less defective; its weakness might have been glossed over by an overwhelming display of theatre craft. But Theatre Workshop, with almost no resources at all, did succeed in making the best parts live.

Perhaps Miss Joan Littlewood took on the impossible in undertaking both a production of this magnitude and the main part. But little theatres like hers live by attempting the impossible, because they have no alternative. To me she seemed to deploy her limited resources with a characteristic inventiveness and ingenuity. As for her performance as Ma Courage I wish I could have stayed in Barnstaple to see it on the fourth or fifth night. In full energy and full voice, I am sure she would have been remarkable.

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Even as she was, obviously tired and overstrained, she made me feel what the part is like. And she was surely right in thinking an understatement of it was right for this occasion and place.

T. C. WORSLEY

The Limits of Dumbness

THE retrospective collection of about 90 of Ben Nicholson's paintings and drawings, which was originally chosen for the 1954 Biennale, has now come to the Tate. First, as so often today, one must cut the cackle. In his Introduction Herbert Read, after indulging in some cosmopolitan snobbery ("To be accepted in Paris is the supreme test for an English artist"), goes on to accuse the British public and critics of provincialism because they have not "come to terms with abstract art." He amplifies this by explaining that we in this country will still not allow painting the same independence from subject matter as music and architecture. This is the old defence of abstract art and a minute's thought can refute it. The subject matter of a building is what happens *in* it. Music is freer than any other art from the need to be representational because the number of sounds that actually occur in nature are only a fraction of those that can be manufactured in music. This is not so with forms and colours. Almost every combination of these exists in nature, and so if one chooses to ignore or if one refuses to discover the natural connotation of a shape or colour, one drastically limits the range of one's experience, cuts out nine-tenths of one's normal consciousness. Abstract art is indeed a highly limited art. No one has yet answered the challenge: why must abstract artists concentrate exclusively on the problem of design when all great art of the past solved both this and also the problem of the subject?

If, however, one accepts its limitations, abstract art can give a certain genuine pleasure and has led to useful research experiments. The trouble is that most abstract enthusiasts no longer accept its limitations; by the title of the picture, by what they call "the play of its forces" or by the use of evocative shapes, they claim to interpret reality without facing the task of investigating it. When this happens abstract art ceases to be a pure æsthetic exercise and becomes a cheap sentimentality. You look at the blue sea-shape and use it as a mirror to reflect back all your easy emotions—easy because the problem of squaring emotion with facts has been avoided. It is by this crucial distinction that we can understand both Nicholson's success and failure.

All Nicholson's work during the last thirty-five years shows truly remarkable taste and finesse. His typical instinct for placing dark accents on colour-swimming backgrounds, his ability to invent irregular but always taut curves, the purity of his colour—these are exquisite gifts. But equally inherent in his talent is a tendency to sentimentality. This shows itself in his early Christopher Wood-like pictures, in his representational landscape drawings (in which, for example, most verticals are made for no good reason quaintly crooked) and in certain of his own remarks about his work. Now if an artist has a sentimental sensibility he must either overcome it or use it like Chagall or Mané Katz (now at the Ohana Gallery) to interpret subjects—lovers, clowns, dreams—in which it can help to reveal certain truths. The idea of a sea shell echoing the sound of the sea may be sentimental; but put the shell to the ear of a sailor's sweetheart, and the idea gains in power. Nicholson, however, has tried neither to overcome nor use his sentimentality, but rather to avoid it. If he had been a figurative artist he would have faced the formidable problem of being true both to his immaculate precise taste and to his far looser emotions. As it is, he succeeds when this question is not raised at all—when he is being entirely abstract and unevocative, and fails when he is not.

His geometric paintings of pure circles and rectangles of about 1937 are superb. Their precision of balance and scale is so fine that even in a good reproduction they lose half their effectiveness. Certainly they look rather like arrangements of tiles or linoleum. Certainly, because they have no concentric emotional centre of their own, the frame becomes part of the picture, and one feels that the wall should also be so—that they are essentially an architectural element. But nevertheless one stands in front of them grateful that red and blue, inches and dimensions exist, and that by the artist's arrangement they can be made so positive.

More recently Nicholson has occasionally achieved the same purity with more complicated shapes—Nos. 38, 50, 54. But generally he has yielded to the other aspect of his temperament. Textures have become evocative, jugs and landscapes emerge in doubt, half real space is created, titles become literary. In the last most recent room of his work at the Tate one sees the same exercise of taste as ever, but it has degenerated into a taste for beautifully arranging semi-abstract bric-à-brac—for what makes bric-à-brac is the magpie motive of collecting objects (or in this case evocations) without due regard to their true significance. A white shape is a white shape, but immediately it suggests a table or a cliff, it takes on further responsibilities, and if these are not met it is immediately enfeebled as an image.

In fact, Nicholson's predicament is that of the whole progress of abstract art in which he has been so determined a protagonist. Begun forty years ago as a brave gesture of revolt and freedom, it could have been sustained only if it had been incorporated back into life via architecture and industrial design. The abstract *easel painter* is now an anachronism, for he must either remain always dumb about the world or alter his language fundamentally. Nicholson has felt too much to remain pure and dumb all the time, but hasn't had the means to say anything of consequence.

As a postscript, don't miss Joan Eardley's paintings at the St. George's Gallery. Her landscapes are very moving and her Gorbal figures, when they have transcended the necessary discipline of their Sickertian tonal painting, will live fully. Also, the décor and Topolski's mural for the Soho festival are well worth the fun of the rest of the fair.

JOHN BERGER

Courtesy and Co-existence

THAT the English in their normal manifestations have no regard—which is not necessarily the same as no respect—for the arts and for all artists except those privileged to spell the word with a penultimate "e," I take to be so obvious as not to need arguing. But whether this same attitude should be allowed to prevail in a television service, which from its very nature must have something to do with arts and artists, is another matter. At all events, we saw last week on television an almost classic example of this traditional disregard, this happy philistinism which springs not from contempt for the arts but from sheer lack of interest. The occasion was the latest number in the *Stage by Stage* series; we gathered together to celebrate the bicentenary of the birth of Mrs. Siddons. Mr. Jack Hawkins was waiting in Mrs. Siddons's old house at Hampstead to introduce the programme, but first it has to be announced. There would be a discussion, we were told by the announcer in the studio, of Mrs. Siddons by two famous actresses. And so far the announcer was doing splendidly. Dame Edith Evans was to be one of them: he told us that; and then, when we came to the other, "I am so sorry. I have forgotten the lady's name," and, grabbing at a sheet of paper, read off triumphantly the name in question, that of Miss Peggy Ashcroft.

It was in its way a wonderfully comic occasion: behind it one saw a hundred similar ones in which cabinet ministers and mayors feverishly and publicly racked their brains to recall the names of the painters, sculptors and poets they

had been persuaded to honour. But—who, once having seen Miss Ashcroft on the stage, could possibly forget her? Not an auspicious beginning to the programme, and the shocks were to continue. Mr. Hawkins talked to us in his breezy way; he took up a book, which he briefly showed us: he had learnt a lot about Mrs. Siddons from this book. Dame Edith and Miss Ashcroft then discussed Mrs. Siddons, and it was all very agreeable. They too had learnt a lot about Mrs. Siddons from the book, which gradually, as the programme progressed, grew in portentousness until in the end it had become "the Book," as though it were the only book in existence or the Bible at least. And one reason it achieved the distinction was because neither Mr. Hawkins, nor Dame Edith, nor Miss Ashcroft ever told us who wrote the book, much less who published it. It remained in a stately and splendid anonymity.

Now I don't know what moral is to be drawn from this strange episode. It was all in character—in the English character, which our television service reflects. Yet it was all rather saddening, saddening as an instance of the lack of courtesy which follows automatically on lack of regard. Carelessly, an announcer put a great actress in her Anglo-Saxon place; carelessly, actor and actresses went on to put an author in his place. Wasn't it Arnold Bennett who observed that at official banquets celebrating the opening of public buildings the last weary toast of all went to the formula "The builder and architect"?

The point is, one surely has a right not to expect the B.B.C. to commit this kind of solecism. And to look at it from the prosaic angle, presumably *Stage by Stage* is not supposed to exist in a void. Presumably, there is even some hope that some members of the audience may be persuaded into an interest in the subject under discussion. If such exist, it is doing them a poor service to refer repeatedly to what was presented as a key book and refuse to divulge its title and author. On quite other grounds, I think one has a right to protest against such a programme as that which appeared, unheralded in *Radio Times*, on the evening after *Stage by Stage*. In this, Mr. Calvin Hoffman, an American dramatic critic, recounted in an interview his theory that the works of William Shakespeare were written by Christopher Marlowe, who never was stabbed in that tavern brawl by Ingrim Frizer but was smuggled by Sir Francis Walsingham to the Continent, where he wrote the plays that made a country bumpkin-turned-actor famous. If Mr. Hoffman is only allowed to open Walsingham's tomb he'll prove it. Well, every man is free to believe what he likes about the authorship of Shakespeare's work. That is not in question; and the theory is at least ingenious and makes a change from the normal heresies. What I object to is the B.B.C.'s putting on the programme in the uncritical way it did. In doing so, wasn't it failing in its duty to viewers?

I am happy to report that, after its lapse, Mr. Mayhew's *Peaceful Co-Existence?* series got back, in its final programme, to its old form. This has been an immensely interesting and valuable series. Its rhythm was broken because of Mr. Mayhew's enforced retirement from television during the general election, yet in a sense it has gained from the prolongation of the period it has occupied. The improvement in East-West relations, the possibility of which was the theme of the series, has gone from step to step while the series has been running. In other words, events themselves have provided a check on Mr. Mayhew's surmises. Last week, too, we had the film of the International Chopin Competition held some months ago in Warsaw—marred by too much gush in the commentary—and *People in Russia*, the film made by two American students, Mr. Peter Juviler and Mr. George Sherman, who appeared in the studio. Its very amateurishness, its "off-the-cuff" quality, gave it authenticity. A pity it had to be accompanied by the *faux-naif* questions of a history don.

WILLIAM SALTER

The Big Drum

"East of Eden," at Warner's
"The Bed," at the London Pavilion

Inflation is not only a headache with politicians and augurers of the stock markets: it hits one with a sickening thud from the screen. Before even the lights went down on *East of Eden*, I knew that it was inflated. One of those glossy melodramatic folders, all big names and hideously tinted photographs, had been handed to me, and at the top of it were the words: "GREAT BOOKS, GREAT PLAYS, GREAT TALENT MAKE GREAT PICTURES (signed) Jack L. Warner." Do they? What about GREAT GUFF? *East of Eden* is that. It tells a Lyceum story of California in the 1910s (from a novel by John Steinbeck) about a new Cain and Abel, whose father, Adam, grows lettuces. Unfortunately Eve has gone quite to the bad, leaving her self-righteous spouse, and taken up brothel-keeping in a neighbouring town. Cain, the wild one, ever prowling and jumping on goods trains, discovers this—the mother was supposed to be dead—and blackmails father and brother with the fact, sending the brother off to the 1914 war and pinching his girl into the bargain. But—sentimentalism must triumph—he will stay at home to look after Dad, whom events have paralysed. Boom, boom, boom.

The screen's big, the situations are big, the emotions are big and quite unreal, and after all this I suppose the stars, James Dean and Julie Harris, will be big, too. Of Mr. Dean we already have *Time's* word for it that he is "unquestionably the biggest news Hollywood has made in 1955." He would be pretty good if we hadn't already had Mr. Marlon Brando. He can use all the same tricks—the slouch, the sulk, the mumble and the grumble—and, perhaps, he has a sensitiveness that will develop. So far he merely shows off at being electric, and we must guess the

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voltage. Miss Julie Harris, again, may have talent, but here her role is merely that of dramatic doll with unusual looks.

Excitement is the one thing this film aims at engendering, and—if monotonously—it succeeds in it. Elia Kazan's direction is artful. He uses his camera, his actors, his story, wholly for boost. Everything must go over all the time; and if, as I have suggested, the result is merely old melodrama writ large, the effect certainly isn't tame. The big screen is filled skilfully, sensation follows sensation, we are given some thrills of landscape and colour, and when staleness is getting a bit too obvious the camera is tilted this way and that (not so easy, with a Cinemascope view). It is, in fact, the whole bag of tricks—for those who want tricks.

The Bed at the London Pavilion—"centre of the world's entertainment"—displaces *Kiss Me Deadly* and, even better than its word, has four beds: true, one carries a child-birth and one is in a dream, but they're all X. This is an anecdotal film, studded with stars, and uneven as nearly all such portmanteau films are. The best of the four stories are the middle two: Jean Delannoy's ribaldry about politics and mistresses of forty years gone, especially in its larks with the handsome hussar, and Gianni Franciolini's romance of a divorce night. This last, the meeting of client and agency young lady in a hotel bedroom, with the purpose of providing evidence along lines most sternly and ceremoniously set out, abounds in nice touches: the tableaux for the sake of intruding employees, the extreme propriety of the whole business, the phone calls from the Aunt at the agency and from a jealous young man whose job takes him through this momentous night ferrying to and fro across the Hudson. Vittorio de Sica is the middle-aged man seeking divorce and Dawn Addams the overconfident young lady—for whom this is a spare-time job—and they preserve a slender charm through comedy that threatens to ravel away.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Aida," at Convent Garden

Aida, the second and last offering of Covent Garden's brief Italian season, was a less successful production than the preceding *Tosca*. The spectacle, always one of the shoddiest in the repertory, was not improved by the hideous dresses brought over for the occasion by the two leading ladies. One of these, the ever-dependable Ebe Stignani, won a well-deserved ovation for her Amneris, less incisive perhaps than before, but regally smooth and musical. Both hero and heroine were newcomers. Antonietta Stella, as dusky as Josephine Baker and a good deal more so than her stage father, has in her the makings of a first-rate Aida. She sings with spirit and impulse, fearlessly projecting her generous dramatic soprano into the middle of the house; she is capable also of fine-spun pianissimi, but used these with apparent reluctance: in short, she is interesting, but artistically immature. Gino Benno is something of a puzzle. Handsome and vocally robust, he rose nobly to such heroic occasions as the end of Act III; but he was sometimes excruciatingly below pitch and had moments of strange forgetfulness. Tito Gobbi, a dramatically powerful but somewhat dry-voiced Amonasro, perceptibly raised the artistic temperature at each of his appearances. The chorus sounded woolly, so that the Triumph Scene went for little; and Molinari-Pradelli, who conducted, lacked the authority to weld his uneven forces into a compelling unity.

D. S.-T.

"Between the Lines," at the Scala

The May Week soufflée originally offered by the Footlights at the Cambridge Arts Theatre has gaily survived its move to London and a bigger house. True, the choruses did not come over very distinguishably; but Trevor Williams's marble Greek waiting to be dug up, Rory McEwen singing of cricket and Arabella to a light guitar, Peter Woodthorpe as Arthur Marshall's painting Brigadier ("It's my *thing*") and the three unemployed Ruritanians lamenting "The Throneless Years" held the larger theatre without losing intimacy and friendliness. There were good tunes by Alan Vening and good words by Julian Jebb and David Cregan. And our new droll, Jonathan Miller, with some battered tailor's dummies as his only props, exploited an indiarubber face and what looks like a full set of double joints to hand out a lunatic humour with a Perelman twist. Dying as Nelson, Excalibur-spotting as Arthur, counting his feet as the Kafka character who wakes up as a beetle, he provoked laughter that was both sophisticated *and* painful. All most enjoyable.

J. A. S.

"From Here and There," at the Royal Court Theatre

If *From Here and There* frequently seemed more like *From Here to Eternity*, Mr. Laurier Lister must blame his own high standards. This revue does not even seem to have found a single new subject for "knocking," and, instead, is content to slash away at the subjects it grew up with, like the Lizzie Borden of show business. Yet perhaps, but for the champagne and Gingold of the past, this revue might highly delight. The old tilth was good, and reworks: the players are talented: the music agreeable. What seems sadly needed is internal combustion. Certainly when the score heats up and the dancing quickens to a racy, rumbustious routine in a number about one lady's way of winning an "Oscar," hope revives with a brightened pulse-beat. But the dancing, for all the engaging personality of Mr. Richard Tone, is curiously negative, while the dry, raconteur's manner of the other American male lead, Mr. James MacColl, never quite sparked the house. The English contingent, whether as hard-drinking Wrens, or individually as air-hostesses, landladies and other despoilers of the public pleasures, savaged more successfully. Miss Betty Marsden, as chief whip, poured acid into the wounds of those she lacerated, and Miss Charlotte Mitchell placed in her gallery of roguishly knowing adolescents, about to commit enormous, unnamed depravities, a delightfully cunning to-be-wed.

M. C.

Correspondence

COUNTER-MENDELSOHNISM

SIR,—Mr. Anthony Crosland's study of the findings of the Monopoly Commission is penetrating. His judgment of the existing situation is less so. "What is really objectionable," he writes, "is that Mr. Mendelsohn, the now famous Stockport tyre dealer, should have his supplies cut off when he reduces prices." Perhaps so much appears as self-evident truth to Mr. Crosland; but to others who have acquainted themselves fully with trading conditions it does not.

Counter-Mendelsohnism, as it may be called, was reviewed by three earlier Commissions, 1920, 1931, and 1949. They all found it to be in the public interest, except that the third concluded that price maintenance should be enforced individually, through courts of law, and not collectively by trade associations. The minority of the present and fourth Commission, men of impressive qualifications for the work, are also in favour of price maintenance. You, Sir, may recall a courageous and convincing letter in these columns on February 26 from Mr. Martyn Goff. In the face of his political opinions, he regretfully affirmed that "unless books are sold at prices laid down by publishers the single bookshop would soon cease to exist." This is the system which Mr. Crosland, plus a fraction of the fourth Commission, wishes to outlaw.

The purchasing public desires (a) uniformity of quality, price, maker's branding and guarantee, and the long-run advantages of research, investment, and an uninterrupted flow of manufacturing output; (b) that the Mendelsohns of trade should be free to cut prices. Unluckily (a) and (b) are incompatibles. In a relatively small and highly compact market unit like Britain, the manufacturer necessarily plans to a price payable by the consumer. Hence, whether it be toothpaste or motor cars, manufacturers who are in intense competition for a limited custom, and all selling at different prices, unitedly resolve that

their various list prices shall stand firm at the ultimate points beyond which competition becomes destructive of long-term efficiency. Are we, for the sake of Mr. Crosland, to make this a criminal offence, sending the practitioners of the sole system for preserving Socialist bookshops up for stretches in Wormwood Scrubs?

I close with the remark that if enough mud is thrown by the popular press even serious writers will sometimes dip a hand. Although some months ago Mr. Anthony Greenwood and Mr. Ormsby Gore after a full investigation jointly and publicly described the B.M.T.A. as having done all that was possible to achieve fairness in its tribunals, although the present Commission has singled out the Association for praise in this respect (paragraphs 154, 168), the influence of the tuppenies leads Mr. Crosland even now to fling the epithet "Star-Chamber paraphernalia."

41 Manchester Street, London, W.1. W. L. RICKETTS

SPEECHES AT HELSINKI

SIR,—In fairness to the organisers of the Helsinki Conference I do not think that my full speech was duplicated and given to the press "by some mishap," as Critic suggests, but in fulfilment of a promise that if the last session speakers would abbreviate their utterance, their full speech would be treated as the official text.

The "comedy" lay in the fact that though I was personally invited by the Secretary-General in the hope of "an important contribution" "with complete liberty to speak" my expected appearance on the Sunday (for which I had lodged as requested, beforehand, five copies of my speech "for the use of the translators") was delayed until 11 p.m. on the last (Tuesday) night. This treatment was characterised by a Russian friend as outrageous. The audience was small, the press replete, and the text normally collected on the morning after by the delegates was not available to enlighten their homeward way! Discussion, and necessity for reply, was thereby conveniently avoided.

My speech contained three main points, relevant, it might be thought, alike to the achievement of peace and to the publicly asserted desire to "broaden" the World Peace Movement; viz., the use of the International Court of Justice to advise upon the legality of nuclear weapons under customary international law: an appeal for the universal abolition of conscription: and an appeal for serious attention to be given to proposals for World Government.

It also contained propositions which I do not think can truthfully be denied. That those present would only truly "represent" their compatriot millions if they were more like the typical peace-loving mass of the people: that the organisation was being paid for almost entirely by Communist Governments: and that if it was to be "broadened" some place must be found on its governing body for those who are opposed to Communism. It ended with an appeal for generosity all round, in emulation of Mr. Krushchev's statesmanlike apology at Belgrade.

The tone of the Helsinki Conference was an improvement on its predecessors. But too large a number of the "delegates" were persons who naturally enjoy free foreign travel and hospitality but are thought of less as students of international affairs than as potential recruits for struggling Communist parties.

The capitalistic foundations and funds of America frequently subsidise intellectual activities which are quite unrelated to the direct justification and defence of capitalism. Similarly the money supplied to the World Peace Movement might be better spent in securing candid and fully representative discussion on the constitutional problems of world order and prosperity. There are, I believe, slowly growing elements in the movement which see this, but the faithful Cominformists are still largely in somewhat bewildered control. Hence the prolonged attempts to exclude me, in which I have good reason to believe the Russians emphatically did not join. Nevertheless, albeit inadequately and at the eleventh hour, generosity allows it to be said that free speech recorded a minor victory at Helsinki.

W. HARVEY MOORE

IRAQI STUDENTS

SIR,—I refer to the letter "Iraq Students" and the comments of Flavus on it, published in your issue dated July 2nd, 1955. Most of Flavus's comments are irrelevant and I give below some relevant facts.

During the past thirty years the Iraq Government has found it possible to send an ever-increasing number of students to pursue their studies at Universities and Technical Colleges in Great Britain.

There is very keen competition in Iraq for these Government bursaries and naturally the progress of the students who are sent abroad is very closely watched, not only by the Ministers of Education and of Economics but by Iraqi students who have not succeeded in obtaining bursaries and by their parents and friends.

All Iraqi students, even the ablest and most industrious, have found great difficulty in mastering the English language. In fact, the majority have to spend two years in Great Britain perfecting their knowledge of the English language before they are admitted to a University. This throws a great burden on the funds available to the Ministries concerned for financing scholars abroad.

In common with Governments in other countries, the Iraq Government is subject to public and private criticism, and this becomes particularly virulent when scholars fail not only to obtain an Honours degree but even to obtain a pass degree.

As a result the Government has had to make it a strict condition for the grant of a bursary that the student gives an undertaking to devote his entire energies to his studies and not to indulge in any non-academic activities.

Certain students are so gifted that they are able to pursue political, religious and social activities in addition to their studies, and the local authorities of Great Britain who finance these students are presumably content to allow them to follow their bent.

This is not the concern of the Iraq Government which cannot differentiate between students studying abroad. The students knew the rules that apply before they accepted the bursary. Their bursaries are liable to cancellation and the permission to reside abroad is withdrawn if they deliberately disobey the conditions governing the grant of a bursary.

The Iraq Government is not judging these students by any other standard than that they have failed to abide by the terms of their contract.

Iraq Embassy. A. H. HILLI,
Cultural Attaché

LESSON FOR LABOUR

SIR,—I was pleased to read Mr. Hugh Jenkins' letter in your issue of July 2 as it gives me, as Secretary of the World Socialist Movement, an opportunity to clarify our position.

Our approach is essentially constructive. We regard other organisations, whether national or international, pacifist, Socialist, humanist, etc., as allies, not as rivals. It is the aim of this "attractive and satisfying shadow" to bring these groups together and while encouraging them, if they wish, to maintain their separate identities, to advocate close organisational contact and intellectual interchange.

I do not think that I am overstepping my prerogative by saying that all members of the W.S.M. would agree that national parties, whether Communist, Socialist or Labour, have shown themselves willing to sacrifice their principles in order to try to gain and maintain popular support. Now, so long as Socialists are in a minority they will always be faced with the choice of either compromising their principles in order to gain power and initiate a measure of reform, or of standing by their principles and foregoing political power until they have a genuinely Socialist majority. It is a dilemma indeed which is not peculiar to Socialism; it has had to be faced before by Empires, Churches, knitting circles and young people on the brink of marriage.

Those who chose to compromise are the men we see in power or in opposition throughout the world today. The failure of this alternative is, in my opinion, self-evident, for eventually these "Socialist" parties come to be led by men who have accepted the compromise not unwillingly and as a bitter alternative but with enthusiasm, regarding the compromise as an end in itself and regarding Socialism as a doctrinaire dream. Incidentally, it is strange that men who believe that principles are not to be trifled with are stigmatised as doctrinaire.

The W.S.M. is not in conflict with the Labour Party—such an idea is both completely unrealistic

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and utterly pretentious—our members are perhaps among its most active supporters, being fully aware of the immense differences between Labour and Tory government.

We, believe, however, that even the purest Socialism is not enough if it is national, and that nationalism is every bit as much our enemy as capitalism, for both are based on economic competition which is paradoxically regarded by its exponents as the highest good.

What we advocate, in fact, is what the man in the street approves of in principle but flinches from in practice. We make it our business to show that principle and practice are not incompatible, and in so doing we ask for the help of all those who find that, while national Socialist parties are worthy of their support, they are not enough.

We have no party discipline, no insistence on orthodoxy and no fear of rivals. We think that our opinions, moreover, can stand on their own feet and should not be sugared to be made easy to swallow.

JOHN H. RODDAM

SIR,—So many readers have asked me to substantiate the statement in my letter that it was the Korean war that lost Labour the 1951 election, that I should like to submit the evidence. Here it is—from Transport House's *Campaign Note* on "Economic Issues in the Election," dated May 6, 1955:

> By the end of 1950 . . . the immediate task of post-war recovery was completed. Industrial production was 30 per cent greater than in 1947; exports were 60 per cent higher . . . Personal consumption also rose by 5 per cent in quantity . . . there was a balance of payments surplus of £300 million. . .
>
> Unfortunately, owing to the outbreak of war in Korea, this favourable state of affairs, which promised the disappearance of many shortages and a substantial increase in domestic consumption, was short-lived. In 1951 we had to pay scarcity prices for many of our basic raw material imports. The export capacity of vital industries such as steel and engineering had to be geared instead to a huge defence programme. The elusive goal of solvency and an era of domestic prosperity, so briefly glimpsed, once again receded.
>
> Labour went out of office when the maximum ill-effects of the Korean crisis were being experienced.

K. ZILLIACUS

ROAD DEATHS AND SOCIETY

SIR,—More frightening than the deaths on the roads is the public attitude to them. Rather, one would say, lack of attitude; there is no reason to think Mr. Molson's views on public opinion as expressed in the Commons, however fatuous his deductions from them about the inadvisability of a Government trying to govern, were very far wrong.

If we wanted to save lives would we not save them? It is obvious that everything is driven too fast for the roads we have. It is equally obvious that the law is being flouted by every driver every day. A man can go to prison for years for snatching a handbag, and be fined £5 for driving in a way that might kill a dozen children in a split second. And now we have to find a nicer word for manslaughter, if it happens to be committed by a decently-dressed chap behind a steering wheel, before a jury will convict him. The time may already have come when peace, for the average civilian, is more dangerous than the last war. It is a question of social psychology, and ought we not face it squarely? Do we really care about human life?

NORMAN SHRAPNEL

COVENT GARDEN PRICES

SIR,—My failure to continue the correspondence about the price of seats for the current season of Italian Opera at Covent Garden was certainly not a sign that I accept Mr. Webster's arguments. On the contrary, his reply seemed so palpably weak as to require no comment. Now, however, I see that Desmond Shawe-Taylor has entered the lists in Mr. Webster's support, saying that those who wish to enjoy the tune must expect to pay the piper. This is, of course, the typical English idea that art is just a commercial commodity to be bought in the cheapest market and sold in the dearest. Even if Covent Garden were completely self-supporting, this would be a deplorable principle on which to work, but in view of the fact that the Royal Opera House receives from the Arts Council a very large proportion of the amount of money which that body has available this naked commercialism is doubly unacceptable.

The task of Covent Garden as the national opera house is to provide each season a varied repertoire in good performances, to mount new operas, and at the same time to train our own singers, musicians and producers. This task should include as a matter of course the presentation at intervals of performances using the services of gifted artists from abroad. I cannot believe that there will be any general acceptance of Mr. Webster's thesis that every time Covent Garden demonstrates that it is part of the living international tradition of opera the occasion is to be regarded as a "gala" with inflated prices. Unless we are to agree to a concept of first-class opera for the rich and second-class for the poor, *of course* the total cost of all performances in the season must be offset against the total receipts from all ticket sales plus the Arts Council's assistance. In other words there should be one budget for the year, not a series of seasonal budgets. Only thus can seat prices be stabilised the whole year round.

83 Clifton Hill, JOHN MAY
London, N.W.8.

EPSTEIN AND THE CHURCH

SIR,—Sir Herbert Read in his review of Epstein's *Autobiography* makes the rather puzzling statement that "the campaign (against Epstein) has usually been conducted by a certain section of the press, supported if not instigated by bodies such as the National Vigilance Society and the Roman Catholic Church." Is there some encyclical letter from the Pope directed against Sir Jacob? Somehow it has not reached England. Have there been any fulminations from the Vatican? We haven't heard them over here. All that we do know is that Sir Jacob's superb Mother and Child, which is one of his latest works, was commissioned by a Catholic Convent in Cavendish Square. Perhaps some Bishop at some time somewhere has criticised Sir Jacob. To call that a campaign supported by the Roman Catholic Church is rather as though a criticism by you of the works of Karl Marx were heralded in Russia as "campaign against Marx supported, if not instigated, by Great Britain, her Commonwealth and Colonies."

C.6 Albany, GRAHAM GREENE
W.1.

STRAVINSKY AS SERIALIST

SIR,—Desmond Shawe-Taylor's article on my serial analysis of Stravinsky's *In Memoriam Dylan Thomas* and Joe Wheeler's clear and sensible letter have been forwarded to me at the Holland Festival where, in a lecture on Schoenberg's *Pierrot Lunaire*, I have demonstrated the aural existence of far more complex mirror forms than those which have no significance for Shawe-Taylor. His article is perfectly representative of a powerful body of ignorance, for which reason I shall disprove it in conscientious detail in one of our musical journals; I cannot, from here, decide in which, but in any case I shall write under the title, *Stravinsky's "In Memoriam Dylan Thomas" and the Audibility of Serial Technique: Reply to Desmond Shawe-Taylor.*

Meanwhile, I may add that Stravinsky has reacted to my analysis with unqualified enthusiasm. There is something basically wrong either with our age's leading composers (Schoenberg and Stravinsky), or with music criticism. This is a strict alternative.

Scheveningen. HANS KELLER

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Poetry of George Crabbe

Nobody seems quite certain how good Crabbe really is; or whether, indeed, the indefatigable old story-teller has a place at all among the poets. The heroic couplet—that metrical toga which contrives at the same time to dignify and to conceal—has always made such judgments difficult for critics with a lyrical bias. Crabbe's admirers do not provide an answer, for they are, as they tended to be in the poet's life, patrons or private enthusiasts; and these are notoriously partial arbiters. Newman, in his later years, turned often to Crabbe's poems, yet that was not for their style or manner but for their sage philosophical content. "Crabbe's the man," said Byron, who admired the style, "but he has got a coarse and impracticable subject." In our own day it is for his subject, not for his verse, that he has been fashionably revived. And now that for the first time a scholarly study* has appeared, by an enthusiast of a more exactingly analytic kind, the placelessness of the poet seems all the more emphasised. Mrs. Haddakin provides a penetrating short introduction to the work of Crabbe; but her book is for the student rather than the general reader, and the academic approach, which tends to give complexity to what seems simple by attributing consciousness to the processes of composition, falls curiously on the poet and his verse.

Yet the point needed making that Crabbe is not as homespun or plain as the casual non-reader may suppose. He suffers, in the general view, with being confused with his own familiar characters. But he was no more a Grimes than a Clare. His beginnings, it is true, were harsh; they were provincial but not quite penurious, and this, with a choleric father and an uncongenial trade, can raise more complicated problems than the direct one of poverty. The oldest son of a collector of salt-duties at Aldeburgh, he served his apprenticeship to a surgeon and, thus dubiously equipped, attempted to make his living by the cure of bodies. It did not serve and, having already published a didactic poem called *Inebriety*, he left for London to try his luck as a writer. It was 1780; he was twenty-six. Here, for a year or two, he wrote, starved, witnessed the Gordon Riots, languished for a Suffolk young lady called Sarah Elmy ("Mira" in his poems)—and then, sent a letter and some verses to the statesman Burke asking for his help.

It was the most important move of his life. Struck by some quality in the appeal, Burke took the young man into his home, arranged for him to enter the church (few people can have had more casual qualifications than Crabbe for his two professions) and saw that his poems were published. First as domestic chaplain to the Duke of Rutland, then as Parson Crabbe in one of the fair number of livings that came his way, he was able to settle down with his long-courted Sarah and to write and botanise as often as he would. The path was not entirely smooth. Parishioners quite reasonably resented his readiness to move to a more convenient parish; at home, too, five of their seven children died; at the death of the last, a boy of six, his wife became for long periods mentally unhinged. Until her death, many years later, Crabbe tended her with devotion. Insanity, so much a part of the eighteenth-century scene, was, in any case, like dreams, a matter of lasting interest to him.

The anti-pastoral with which Crabbe started his formal poetic work—a picture of the village world "as truth will paint it and as bards will not"—provides a pattern for the whole. With the change in Crabbe's own fortunes, the social grading of his characters also rises; but the moral would seem to be enforced, for the human creature is as fallible and vulnerable in the Hall as in the cottage or the fisherman's hut. And Crabbe himself, as parson and apothecary, was in a wonderfully good position for making his peculiar poetic survey. He had seen, in his own life, what happens when wishes come about; and, armed with a mildly stoical or cynical content, his own desires and ambitions more or less assuaged, he could contemplate frustration, disappointment, the gradual death of love or hope with the detached and patient affection of the natural historian. The interest of the stories is not directly an ethical one; life, rather than Crabbe, passes the judgment. And then, one cannot help noticing too his particular tenderness for women—even the frailest of the eighteenth-century flock. "He loved," observed his son, "the very failings of the female mind." Even if Crabbe torments them in his poems, it is not in the intolerable manner of Richardson who also loved his ladies, or of Trollope who did not.

Yet a reader today pursuing a leisurely course through the tales will be constantly aware of a sudden disturbing twist. What, indeed, are these tales about? Some have an episode of violence; others deal with procrastination or misunderstanding; the usual material of life in an age when the separation of a person from a place was rare but dire. But the conventional end of the story—the marriage or the parting, the discovery or revelation—is usually Crabbe's beginning. What produces the shock in his tales to a present-day reader is this analytic perception; feelings, he shows, are no more static than events. Crabbe is interested in the *effect* of crime; in the effect of absence or delay. Occasionally, not frequently, his leisured observation is applied to a light and pleasurable occasion, as in *The Frank Courtship*—a Beatrice and Benedick duel between two young people of strict puritanical families.

But *Peter Grimes*, mostly known today in a version which has been thinned out for operatic purposes, is in its original form as brilliant an example of Crabbe's story-telling as we shall find. Succinct over the events of the narrative the poem is meticulous and lingering over the sensations that result, while making clear the shifting degrees of pity or disengagement in the background characters. There is no line in the poem that is not sharply relevant.

To suggest that these tales would be equally effective in prose—that Crabbe was a short-story writer cramped in an old-fashioned metre—is to show a curious insensitiveness to the nature of the poet's work. His sermons, it is said, were flavourless. But it is impossible to read a page of Crabbe's verse without feeling that the composition of even the flattest of his lines must, with their peculiar resonant thud, have given an almost voluptuous pleasure to their author. And the reader's sense of this rapture is confirmed, as so often, by the younger Crabbe's report. While walking out and searching for specimens (the son relates) the poet's mind was particularly active.

> He fancied that autumn was, on the whole, the most favourable season for him in the composition of poetry; but there was something in the effect of a sudden fall of snow that appeared to stimulate him in a very extraordinary manner.

"No one who observed him at these times," added the son, "could doubt that he enjoyed exquisite pleasure in composing." But outside this ecstasy, too, his chosen measure gave him scope for the quality at the very core of his tale-telling—a unique ability to prolong or hold up time. Actions are short in Crabbe, reactions long. The familiar passage from *Peter Grimes* in which the wretched fisherman sits watching the sluggish tides as they dismally ebb from the sands—

> Where gaping mussels, left upon the mud,
> Slope their slow passage to the fallen flood—

is one of the most striking of these. It is an instance, too, of what was also intrinsic in the poetry of his story-telling: the use of landscape to emphasise sensation: of doom, anxiety, languour and *ennui*. The botanical details of his typical scene, the stubborn heath, the dwarfish grass, clasping tares, the salt lavender that lacks perfume, the soft and slimy mallow of the marsh, are never merely specimens.

There still remain, unabsorbed among the flat tracts of the Tales, two problem poems to confound too easy an assessment of the poet, *The World of Dreams* and *Sir Eustace Grey*. These two remarkable pieces, written in a rapid and fairly complex stanza, were composed, it appears, at a time when Crabbe was beginning to take medicinal doses of opium. Sir Eustace, fallen into madness through loss of grace, describes in a score of relentless hurrying verses the course of his frenzy.

> There was I fix'd, I know not how,
> Condemn'd for untold years to stay:
> Yet years were not; —one dreadful *now*
> Endured no change of night or day;
> The same mild evening's sleeping ray
> Shone softly-solemn and serene,
> And all that time I gazed away,
> The setting sun's sad rays were seen.
>
> They placed me where those streamers play,
> Those nimble beams of brilliant light;
> It would the stoutest heart dismay,
> To see, to feel that dreadful sight:
> So swift, so pure, so cold, so bright,
> They pierced my frame with ivy wound
> And, all that half-year's polar night
> Those dancing streamers wrapp'd me round.
>
> They hung me on a bough so small,
> The rook could build her nest no higher;
> They fix'd me on the trembling ball
> That crowns the steeple's quivering spire;

* *The Poetry of Crabbe*. By Lilian Haddakin. *Chatto & Windus*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

They set me where the seas retire,
But drown with their returning tide;
And made me flee the mountain's fire,
When rolling from its burning side.

But the writer of the Tales remains as much an enigma as the writer of *Eustace Grey*. Should it be said that Crabbe at his best (that is, at his most "lyrical") moments was writing beyond himself? No, he is not to be judged in part. Does his Muse sometimes suggest the lady in the Douanier Rousseau's painting? Sometimes, too, she looks very much like the one who inspired Coleridge, or de Quincey or Hood. Crabbe himself makes no claims; he appears to have been extraordinarily detached from his work. He wrote too much, and possibly—for he was a cheerful burner of manuscripts—destroyed too much as well. "It does not matter," he replied to Wordsworth, who had reproached him for not taking pains with his verse. When told of an attack on his work he replied: ". . . I believe I felt something indignant; but my engraved seal dropped out of the socket and was lost, and I perceived this moved me much more than the *Spirit* of Mr. Hazlitt"—botanising, as it were, upon himself. It was the mood of the time in which he had been born, too early, perhaps, or too late to find an ordered place. But the last age lags into the next; the next is foreshadowed in the last; with Crabbe, the eighteenth century, drabs, duns, fops, churls, swains, nymphs, clowns, trulls and wits, came to an end. Johnson had corrected his early poem *The Village*; Charles James Fox had looked over *The Borough*. When Crabbe died in 1832, Keats and Shelley and Byron were already gone; Jane Austen, too, and Blake. At the end, as at the beginning, he seems to have been a man without contemporaries. "Crabbe has a world of his own," said Tennyson to Fitzgerald, one ageing poet to another. Yet for all its flats and fens, this world is one in which the man of our own time may, if he takes it entirely, feel very much at home.

NAOMI LEWIS

Sunday in the Bois

A gentleman in blue bends down with pain
To pick a bouquet of grass, prosaic swain.

A lady of grim demeanour climbs the track,
Led by a black dog with bandaged neck.

A car honks in my spine. I skip aside.
The way we go is dusty and not wide.

Departure for Cythère by rowing-boat:
Pretty she sits while he unpeels his coat.

Oarblades cuff the water. I keep apace,
Witness a dousing and a loss of face.

The gardener guarding the forbidden lawn
Looks, like his flower-beds, stilted and forlorn.

At the lake's edge, friends, lovers, solitaries
Sit on iron chairs for five francs' worth of ease.

Ducks and humans hazard a how-d'you-do.
The ducks are the less impressionable of the two.

High in the east a desolate half-moon:
A piece of litter on a pale blue lawn.

Fragrance of evening. Sunset reefs of cloud.
At the lake's end, a waterfall splashes loud.

The light fades. Day ends, and this my ditty.
The citizens bethink them of the city.

CHRISTOPHER HANCOCK

On Surveying a Bureaucrat

A History of Red Tape. By SIR JOHN CRAIG. *Macdonald & Evans.* 18*s.*

Higher Civil Servants in Britain. By R. K. KELSALL. *Routledge.* 25*s.*

Graham Wallas considered the creation of the Civil Service as "the one great political invention in nineteenth-century England." The remark has never received universal approbation. Very frequently an unholy alliance of vested interest and crusading egalitarianism has exposed the Civil Service to attack. Some critics have talked of government by red tape, others of government by privileged oligarchy. In moments of keenest criticism both schools have joined together to thunder against unrepresentative bureaucracy.

At first sight the charges seem much too violent. There may have been a sizeable group of civil servants like Sir Joseph Williamson, described by Sir John Craig as "a dry repellent man, obsequious to superiors and a sergeant-major to subordinates, whom neither King (Charles II) nor colleagues could abide," but there has always been a larger bevy priding themselves on social grace rather than tough efficiency. A sense of duty has been more impelling than a sense of power and the duty has been edged with charm—

His heart was at his office, his heart was always there,
A-docketing the papers and minuting with care.

Every new recruit on becoming a bureaucrat catches the charm first and learns the duty second.

By comparison with continental bureaucracies, it is the non-bureaucratic elements in the British Civil Service which stand out most prominently: by comparison with the American bureaucracy, it is the polished assurance, and the charm. Only in recent years has doubt crept into the Civil Service itself from inside, and so far the doubt has expressed itself almost entirely in an anxiety to secure a continued flow of the right sort of applicants with the requisite blend of intelligence and character. The strident criticisms of the Civil Service from outside can still be treated with quiet confidence. Most higher civil servants know that, while they have not grown wings, they have not been infected—to use a sweeping phrase of Mr. Heathcoat Amory—"with the bacillus of bureaucratic control."

The increase in the number of civil servants, however, and the more extensive scope of their operations, make even their admirers curious to know more of the recruitment, promotion, internal discipline and folklore of the Service. It is unfortunate that these two new books by Sir John Craig and Mr. Kelsall do not provide the right material for a full new assessment. Sir John writes of the history of red tape on glossy paper, and never wholly succeeds in transferring his subject from the tidy parcels, no doubt bound in pink string, in which he wrapped it during his researches. The most powerful sentence is his first—"Herod was eaten alive by worms"; the useful pages which follow do not quite maintain this element of surprise. The section on the modern Civil Service is superficial: making no concessions to critics like Mr. Heathcoat Amory he abandons the history of red tape at just the point where the disaffected claim that it begins.

Mr. Kelsall surveys the bureaucrat statistically. His valuable study of the social and educational background of the small group of permanent heads of Government departments and their principal deputies and assistants—the elite of the Service—is packed with information but is not easy to read. Important though its subject is, the book is curiously cramped and formal, part of a much wider survey of social mobility in modern Britain. Its last words, "our justifiable pride in the British Civil Service," are a quiet benediction after 200 pages of persistent and painstaking criticism.

There seem to be two hidden assumptions in Mr. Kelsall's book which are not clearly stated. He has no difficulty in showing—for the first time, authoritatively—that in the formative years of the Service, the poor man's son was penalised if he wished to enter or rise in the Service, and that even in recent years, Oxford in particular is "over-represented" and public-school boys make up a larger share of the selected candidates and a smaller share of the rejected. His account of the social bias behind the interview, particularly the pre-war interview, is searching and interesting. But he does not think out what "representation" and "under-representation" mean in this context. He seems to assume that the Civil Service should be a socially representative microcosm, a tenable assumption but one which should be brought to the surface.

His second assumption, which many civil servants would dispute, is that the extent of "career success" is the most important feature to analyse. Certainly because of the hierarchical nature of the Service career success is easy to measure with some degree of objectivity. Yet does it necessarily register the most significant features of the Civil Service as a political institution? Age relationships, discussed very briefly in the last chapter, are of crucial importance, but Mr. Kelsall seems to miss the point. As Allan Christopher pointed out in his recent article in these pages "On Becoming a Bureaucrat," within a day or two of entry to the Service the newcomer is penning his first drafts, giving his first official answers on the telephone and discussing administrative problems "as though with a wealth of governmental experience behind him." In studying the working of all hierarchies it is essential to locate effective power, to separate out formal and informal relationships, and to take folklore rather than career success as the main subject of investigation. Mr. Kelsall's analysis, which deserves wide publicity, tells us all too little about the role of the higher Civil Service, and may well be misleading as a criticism of the system. To adapt another phrase of Graham Wallas, it would be dangerous to treat this new study as the Victorians treated the announcement of the Civil Service examination results—"like a wedding in a mid-nineteenth-century novel, the end of the story."

ASA BRIGGS

Pilgrim of Hope

William Morris: Romantic to Revolutionary. By E. P. THOMPSON. *Lawrence & Wishart.* 50*s.*

No movement can have paid more lip-service and less serious attention to its founding fathers than our own Labour Party. The pioneers are always good stuff for perorations, but in this pragmatic age it is old-fashioned and somehow slightly disreputable—"what will Mr. Fairlie and the *Manchester Guardian* say?"—to look too closely at their ideas. What they really believed has to be bowdlerised or even suppressed before their venerable names can safely be invoked on the platform, and a whole generation has grown up to whom men like Hardie and Morris are little more than well-intentioned granddaddies.

Morris, perhaps, is the most remarkable example, not least because he was the greatest Socialist the movement has known, its only man of genius, its most original thinker. As Mr. Thompson rightly points out, from the day of his death, persistent attempts have been made to rescue Morris and make him presentable in polite society, and they culminated in that ironic moment when Stanley Baldwin delivered a centenary oration. Mr. Thompson shows how both J. W. Mackail and Bruce Glasier—always taken as the two standard sources—consciously misrepresented Morris to create the myth that he was a visionary idealist and not a revolutionary Marxist, and almost every biographical or critical comment contains some new variation on the theme that Morris was a great-hearted artist, muddled in economics and impractical in politics, who was a kind of premature life-and-soul of a Fabian Summer School.

Nothing could be further from the truth, and this long and carefully documented biography

proves it, though the portrait Mr. Thompson draws is so different from the conventional image that, after one sniff at his politics or one look at the publisher's imprint, some may reject it as a caricature. Such prejudice would be more than foolish, for this is a work of real scholarship and importance and no serious Socialist can ignore it. If one disagrees with Mr. Thompson's view that Morris today would be a member of the Communist Party, one must also admit that he would be even more unhappy in the Labour Party. And such arguments, though they may be raised in an attempt to sidetrack the real issues that this book raises, are quite irrelevant. The question is not who can most properly claim the heritage of Morris, but what we can learn from him, if we are in earnest about Socialism. If this book has a fault, it is the opposite of any sectarian dogmatism: it is so elaborate, so thorough and so long that it is in danger of defeating its purpose. Unless this and other reviews can persuade readers to persevere for nine hundred pages, only enthusiasts may tackle the task. Much though I sympathise with Mr. Thompson's desire to see Morris plain and whole, I feel that he could have made this volume more manageable and its focus clearer if he had pruned it of its elaborate detail.

What we now need—and what Mr. Thompson no doubt hopes his study may stimulate—is a discussion about Morris as a Socialist. I am not here concerned with the reasons that led him to Socialism, except to say that Mr. Thompson's account of his artistic and literary development, which takes a third of the book, seems to me essentially sound. I am not even so much concerned with the tactical and factional problems of the Eighties, which Mr. Thompson deals with in great detail. Morris was often wrong about tactics. His anti-parliamentary bias was so strong that it first led him to break away from the S.D.F. and form the Socialist League, and then to let the League fall into the hands of anarchists, poseurs and a weird variety of rootless rebels. His isolation from day-to-day struggles followed from his "purism," and meant that both he and the League stood aside from—and came close to actually opposing—the upsurge of unskilled workers and the strike wave which eventually produced the I.L.P. and then the Labour Party. But to condemn Morris as a bad tactician is to miss the point. He himself, after years of wearying intrigue, had the greatness first to admit that his "purism" had been a mistake, and secondly that loyalty had led him to act as leader of a sect because no one else seemed able or willing to do the job. His contribution was as a teacher, and as a superb moral and personal example. He saw deeper into the real nature of capitalism than any other English Socialist, precisely because he was able to fuse his own personal revolt against squalor, unhappiness and exploitation with the historical view that he learnt from Marx and Engels. That combination was the secret of his insight: as an artist he had seen what was wrong, and Marxism gave the cutting edge to his analysis of why it was wrong. In explaining why he became a Socialist, he wrote

> Was it all to end in a counting-house on the top of a cinder-heap, with Podsnap's drawing-room in the offing, and a Whig Committee dealing out champagne to the rich and margarine to the poor in such convenient proportions as would make all men contented together, though the pleasure of the eyes was gone from the world, and the place of Homer was taken by Huxley!

When he saw that humanity could have life of a different quality, "a change involving the very noblest ideal of human life and duty," then "the whole face of things was changed to me by that discovery." There is an astonishing flash of self-revelation in one of his writings that is the real clue to Morris, not merely as a person, but also as a Socialist. Discussing his own attitude to Marx, he wrote that "even supposing I did not understand that there is a definite reason in economics, and that the whole system can be changed, *I for one would be a rebel against it.*"

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S·P·C·K

It is here that those who accept the conventional view of Morris as a peasantish arty-crafty and unsophisticated visionary must look closely for the real lesson of his life. For Morris foresaw that the movement would run into a dead end. Writing about Socialists who confuse "the co-operative machinery towards which modern life is tending with the essence of Socialism itself," he warned of

> the danger of the community falling into bureaucracy, the multiplication of boards and offices, and all the paraphernalia of official authority, which is, after all, a burden. . . .

And it is precisely this burden that Socialists today have to lift. Puzzled about the way forward from the Welfare State, I have myself been re-reading Morris in the last year or so, and finding that over and over again his writing suggests an answer to a problem that so far back he anticipated. Here, in conclusion, is one such passage, of such insight that I do not understand why Mr. Thompson omitted to quote it. Morris asks "whether the Society of Inequality might not accept the quasi-Socialist Machinery . . . and work it for the purpose of upholding that society in a somewhat shorn condition, maybe, but a safe one?" And he goes on:

> The workers themselves better treated, better organised, helping to govern themselves, but with no more pretence to equality with the rich, nor any more hope for it than they have now. But if this be possible, it will only be so on the grounds that the working people have ceased to desire real Socialism and are contented with some outside show of it joined to an increase in prosperity enough to satisfy the cravings of men who do not know what the pleasures of life might be if they treated their own capacities and the resources of nature reasonably with the intention and expectation of being happy.

Those sentences alone seem to me sufficient argument to read Mr. Thompson with care, and then to go on once again to Morris himself.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

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New Novels

The Genius and the Goddess. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. *Chatto & Windus.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Children of Light. By GERALD SYKES. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Helen Blake. By MERVYN JONES. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Huxley's brilliant new short story—*The Genius and the Goddess* runs to only 120-odd pages—is a most characteristic piece of work, witty, expert, erudite, and just a little, as they say of game, "high." The familiar acrid flavour comes up to our nostrils from the very first page: "In the raw, existence is always one damned thing after another, and each of the things is simultaneously Thurber and Michaelangelo, simultaneously Mickey Spillane and Thomas à Kempis." It would be difficult to make a generalisation less true to universal experience, but this is at least an accurate description of existence as Mr. Huxley has always felt it. In his imagination flesh and philosophy, God and the glands do lie side by side and each cancels out the satisfaction that the other by itself might offer. As a novelist, Mr. Huxley's aim might be defined as the attempt to bring Beauty and the Beast into as simultaneous an existence as it is possible for arrangement to bring them, and, since the sense of sin is stronger in him than the sense of enjoyment, the desirable is always only the filling sandwiched between two slices of the nasty.

In this story Mr. Huxley re-animates an old device—the story is told by a narrator over the whiskey glasses. A biography of the famous physicist, Henry Maartens, has just appeared, a mere Soap Opera biography, and John Rivers, now himself a distinguished old scientist, recalls a period in his youth when he knew the household of the genius intimately. He had gone as a young man to work for Maartens as a research assistant, and had been adopted into the family which consisted of Maartens, his wife Kathy, his young daughter and small son. A puritan virgin, he had fallen with passionate purity in love with Kathy "whom he loved as Dante had loved Beatrice, as Petrarch worshipped Laura," and folded inside the story of their affair, and bringing it to a climax, is that of the budding adolescent daughter whose physical maturation secretes bad poetry and who fixes upon the young scientist as her temporary object.

Kathy, the mother, is a pagan Goddess figure who at a crisis offers the beneficence of her body to the guilt-ridden young man, and calmly accepts the refreshment he gives her while he wallows in remorse and luxury in equal parts. The love of the senses is for a brief span displayed as health-giving. But then—and this is too predictable—Mr. Huxley cannot resist paying everyone out with a whack from the stinking fish of puritanism all round. But the defect is easily swallowed for the other pleasures which Mr. Huxley offers. The story is told with ease, gusto and vividness, and it is decorated with his lively idiosyncratic observations on life and behaviour. Above all, how wittily Mr. Huxley writes; one moves through his tale on a continual ripple of smile and laugh, as in this comment by the narrator on his mother:

> She was a great one for extempore praying. Better even than my father had been. The sentences flowed more evenly, the language was more genuinely sham-antique. She could discuss our financial situation or reprimand me for my reluctance to eat tapioca in the very phrases of the Epistle to the Hebrews.

Mr. Gerald Sykes is also an extremely intelligent writer, and his new novel, *The Children of Light,* has a sort of savage power that is irresistible, even when the writer falls, as he does rather surprisingly at times, into a hardly credible crudity. The scene is a small town in Ohio; the time an election; the temperature feverish; the personal relations close and violent. Jack Trimble and his wife Augusta are, presumably, the "children of light," he a brilliant ex-ambassador, now trying to hammer out some philosophy of politics, she (his third wife) a painter. They have come back to Trimble, the town in which he was born and bred, to try to find their roots there. The "children of this world" are his elder brother, Brent Trimble, a not wholly unadmirable conservative business man who stayed in the home town and now is the big man there, and Jack's son, by an earlier marriage, who is the candidate in the election. He is, perhaps, more a child of darkness, for, fearing that his father will not put his considerable influence behind him in the election he starts a smear campaign against him on the strength of a single visit to the town by a well-known homosexual playwright. This, then, is the full horror of the McCarthyite power-fight in a small town; but Mr. Sykes is far from being a "documentary" writer. If his novel does not quite succeed, it is not because it suffers from the crudities of reportage. He brings a powerful apparatus of analysis, psychological as well as social, to bear on his characters and their moral dilemma. Yet this serves rather to muddy the texture than to clarify the issues. The minor characters, because they are allowed to speak for themselves, are far more successful than the major. The self-pitying playwright, the shrewdly neurotic daughter of the business-man brother, the editor of the local paper, the ex-highbrow reporter—these need no explaining. They come off the page alive and vivid by what they do and say. But the children of light, being conceptions as well as people, get lost in a tangle of justification and diagnosis. So difficult a subject is beset with the pitfalls of the contemporary clichés. Mr. Sykes never falls into those; he is too alert, too sensitive, too intelligent. But he hasn't cleared a path for us through the undergrowth; he drags us straight through it, scratched and breathless, but impelled by his energy and drive.

Mr. Mervyn Jones has become a thoroughly professional novelist. His people exist in the round and catch our interest from the start, his narrative is well developed, his observation shrewd and often amusing, his dialogue expressive and natural. This very professionalism betrays him a little, I think, in his new novel. *Helen Blake* has all the qualities I have enumerated, but they are used, surely, to evade the moral issue raised rather than to drive through it. Helen Blake is the wife of an ex-fighter pilot who is just finishing an eight-years' stretch for treason—he volunteered to fly for the Germans when a prisoner-of-war. His coming out threatens to disrupt the life Helen has built up for herself and their twelve-year-old son. The action is built up convincingly round this event, but the moral situation which it creates is never faced, and it is the failure to deal with it, I suggest, which leads Mr. Jones to a feeble and fundamentally unconvincing reconciliation, which brings the novel dangerously near the women's fiction class. A pity, for besides being eminently readable, it promises more than this.

RICHARD LISTER

Teach Yourself Gracious Living

The Happy Home. *Good Housekeeping.* 30*s.*

Your Home and You. By KAY SMALLSHAW. *Peter Nevill.* 21*s.*

A long time ago, when one married on the large edition of Mrs. Beeton (mine weighs 4lb. 5oz., and after twenty years of handling is still hearty) one had the feeling that everything one could wish to know, and a good deal that one would rather not, was contained within its sombre and durable covers. The moral tone of its teaching was unmistakable; early rising, kindness to servants, correctness in social behaviour, were all insisted on with delicacy and firmness. There was a standard to be observed, albeit of a vanishing age, and no question of any argument about it. It was, of course, even then, enormously enlarged from Mrs. Beeton's original work, but it somehow managed to keep its period flavour, and still does. It provided inexhaustible and fascinating reading,

and though some of the questions it answered were rarely asked (the second footman's duties, moral welfare of under-housemaids, etiquette of paying calls, how to fold a table-napkin to look like a boar's head or a boot), one never opened the volume without a pleasant sensation of moral re-armament. This was how, in well-conducted households, life should be. One had only to know the rules: the rest must follow.

How impossible to draw up a book of rules for the guerilla warfare of domestic life today! Yet it has been attempted. The Good Housekeeping Institute has tried, at the behest of the Gas Council, and the resulting volume lies before me; a huge, brightly coloured affair, several ounces lighter than Mrs. Beeton, it is true, but much larger, and infinitely more intimidating. It is full of lists, budgets and the kind of photographs in which *Good Housekeeping* excels; it is rich in colour plates of dazzling food and pictures of gas-stoves; it tells you everything that has to be done and how to do it; yet the effect is the very reverse of re-assuring, for the simple reason that though the standard is still fundamentally the standard of opulence, everything, it is now assumed, will be done by oneself.

That, of course, marks the advance of female emancipation over the last twenty years. There is no chapter on servants, and indeed, how could there be? If you can afford thirty shillings for this volume, that is all the outlay, it seems to say, that will be needed. You will be told how to do the housework and cooking, entertain, look your best, keep your husband, mend the plumbing, paper the rooms, do the washing, lie in, nurse the sick, deal with woodworm, bring up the baby, give yourself a yeast-mask, and get a thorough grounding in National Insurance. It has all got to be included, naturally, and one cannot say that it is not conscientiously done; but the final result is, somehow, discouraging. So much to be done; such a pitch of gracious living to be arrived at; so much equipment, so many fancy *canapés* for the cocktail party! If this book has a wide circulation, it may well send people back to reading Thoreau.

The Happy Home sets out to do for the present-day housewife what Mrs. Beeton did for her predecessors, and its falling short may be partly due to the fact that there is no single creative personality behind it. It is a vast compilation, and there is a certain ambivalence of intention. The object of the Gas Council is, naturally enough, to make people use gas and coke from morning till night, and it is reasonable that a volume sponsored by them should glance slightingly, if at all, at electricity. As gas propaganda it is excellent, but so biased a work should not call itself *A Universal Guide to Household Management*. A universal guide should deal with electric washing and washing-up machines, with immersion heaters, and other labour-saving inventions which, though free of gas, do a certain amount towards easing life's boring burdens.

Then there is a lack of freshness in the material for which it would perhaps be unfair to blame the compilers. It has all been served out, daily and weekly, for so many years by the women's pages and magazines, that there is nothing but a mild feeling of surprise at finding it all together, between two covers. How, for instance, can such a book hope to say anything fresh or useful on the subject of marriage? "The romance of maturity," it tells us, "differs from the glamour of youth." Well, yes. But the fatigue of holding such a volume should be rewarded by something more than a collection of platitudes.

A smaller, less pretentious book on the same subject, *Your Home and You*, by Kay Smallshaw, goes more briskly to the point. There is nothing about gracious living here, no colour photographs of the triumphant housewife in stylish separates grinning over her gas-stove as she prepares to receive her guests with a thousand *canapés*. The legal snags of renting and owning, insurance, drains, all means of cooking and heating, cleaning, maintenance, accidents and sickness, and much besides, are dealt with in a plain and handy manner. There is no advice about keeping your husband's love; instead, you are referred without loss of time to the Marriage Guidance Council and told how to apply for separation and divorce. There is an excellent section on *Help in Contingencies and Emergencies*, with a list of organisations which help or advise in every difficulty. This is a practical reference-book without frills; not got up as a glamorous wedding-present, like the other, but soberly and solidly useful.

MARGARET LANE

Eastern Visas

The Narrow Smile. By PETER MAYNE. *Murray*. 18*s*.

The Waterless Moon. By ELIZABETH RALNEAVES. *Lutterworth*. 15*s*.

Land of the Crested Lion. By ETHEL MANNIN. *Jarrolds*. 16*s*.

Peter Mayne knew the mountain country on the borders of Pakistan and Afghanistan before the war, in the days when it suited British policy for tribesmen to remain tribesmen. Whilst serving as an officer in the R.A.F. he made close friends with the Pakhtuns (Pathans) and learnt their language. An old Pashto song runs: "Your eyes are two loaded revolvers, And your narrow smile has destroyed me." Peter Mayne was a willing victim, and in this story of his return to the North-West frontier he too "destroys" his readers.

We soon discover in *The Narrow Smile* that there are Pakhtuns and Pakhtuns in much the same way that visitors to this country discover there are Britons and Britons; some of them are Scotch, some of them are Welsh, some of them are Irish and some of them are just plain English. Peter Mayne was not content with the pleasure, great though that was, of seeing his Pakhtun friends in Pakistan. There were Pakhtuns on both sides of the Durand Line which British admini-

I should shrink with horror from the modern history of England, declared Gibbon, *where every character is a problem, and every reader a friend or an enemy.*

CHARLES LOCH MOWAT

in recognising this danger has tried, too, to avoid another: obliteration by the mass of materials from which modern history must be written.

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July 18

THE HOME-MENDERS

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HARRAP

strators drew in 1893, with the avowed intention of demarcating the respective spheres of British and Afghan influence in tribal affairs on the North-West Frontier. The transfer of power to an independent Pakistan fifty years later did not end Afghanistan's irredentist longings, and Peter Mayne's visit to Kabul provided a wonderful opportunity for Pakhtun propaganda aimed at a separate state of Pakhtunistan. Why, he then asked, should he not visit the tribal areas of Afghanistan where the most important of the Pakhtun clans live? Why not see for himself these impatient desires described at second hand in Kabul? The suggestion led to a "near lunatic frustration." His fruitless interviews with officials and with Pakhtun nationalists in a variety of jobs are amusingly described—and illuminating as to the reality of the propaganda. We sympathise with his remark: "How tiresome professional fanatics can be."

Back in Pakistan he found the Pakhtuns perfectly happy and well content with the improvement they enjoy in an independent Pakistan. "What impression did you get about Pakhtunistan in Kabul" his friends asked him. He admitted that he was rather tired of the idea—"it's like everything else that fails to make much sense; you get sick of it, finally." We leave the author on the lawn of an English official's garden in Karachi amongst an "unbroken fifteen-yard stretch of food" and a lot of ladies sitting on Chesterfield sofas eating those "rusty-golden-syrupy things" called rosagullas. And we feel tempted to turn back to page 1 and enjoy *The Narrow Smile* a second time.

Elizabeth Balneaves was also attracted by the frontier areas of Pakistan, and like Peter Mayne's hers was a return visit. *The Waterless Moon* has not the distinction of *The Narrow Smile*, but it is lively and human and the author has that sense of the ridiculous which conveys the unexpected dilemma and the casual acquaintance of real travel. She knew Urdu and Pushtu and she carried a miniature dispensary with her—all these things helped her to break through barriers. She travelled "hard." She shared the lives of Muslim women, and often peeped at life, as they do, through the crocheted eyepiece of a *burqa*. Everything and everybody was interesting grist to her mill—either her sketchbook or her notebook. She writes with gusto and sometimes reflects subtle observation. She appreciated "the rawness of a country still struggling in the bewildering throes of adolescence." I shall look out for her next book which will describe life in East Pakistan.

Is it because she was unfamiliar with Burma that Ethel Mannin has failed to bring these friendly people to life in *Land of the Crested Lion*? Or, in searching for background material, did she sacrifice human beings to physical details in the lives of hundreds of people whose paths she crossed from Bhamo to Mergui? True, she fell in love with the Shwe Dagon Pagoda and she records, in one of the few warmly written passages, a mystical relationship with a small Burmese girl. But she rarely refers to conversations with people except on the level of the travelling celebrity and local officials on such troublesome subjects as transport. She filled her notebooks with facts and facts, typing on hot afternoons when "it was necessary to put blotting-paper under the hand to keep the sweat off the paper." What she ate and when she ate it; how she manipulated her wet *longyi*, putting on a dry one over the wet one without any indecent exposure; latrine accommodation observed with the eyes and nose of a sanitary inspector; all this we know, but we never hear the laughter of Burma, we do not feel the warmth of friendship nor share their sense of purpose.

DOROTHY WOODMAN

He's lost
his place...

W. H. SMITH & SON'S BOOKSHOPS

keep the lead with monotonous regularity and are inseparable from good reading.

Much as Before

Liberated France. By CATHERINE GAVIN. *Cape.* 18*s.*

French politics are for the contemporary historian much what the Virgin and Child were for the old masters of painting—a set-piece which each one must have a try at sooner or later. The subject is a restricted one. All the more opening for a display of virtuosity; and the onlookers note each variation as eagerly as though it were a new chess-gambit. Miss Gavin covers well-trodden ground: a brief prologue on the Gaullist movement, and then a brisk narrative from D-day until the end of 1953. She is unfortunate in her moment of ending. Books on contemporary events should come out six months or so after the events they describe; and more enterprise would have enabled Miss Gavin to bring in the ministry of Mendès-France and the settlement of Indo-China, conclusions which would have given shape to the story.

We have been told all this a dozen times already. It needs some new qualities to justify its being told again. Miss Gavin has two. First, an admirable gift of simplification. She cuts through the tangle of constitutional discussions and gives a clear picture of what these really implied. Her more original contribution is to combine love of France with an extreme dislike of de Gaulle. Her lively history is implicitly an anti-Gaullist tract, and not only in the later years. She is an anti-Gaullist "of the first hour." She is contemptuous of the Free French movement; scathing about the Liberation and the great purge; triumphant over de Gaulle's failure and withdrawal. In this she no doubt reflects what is now the general feeling in France. General de Gaulle was more concerned with the history of France than with her present condition. He set out to make France great again by an effort of heroic will. Most Frenchmen did not share this aim; and he failed. In retrospect his aim seems impractical, romantic, rather absurd. But would not Winston Churchill now appear equally romantic and absurd if the Germans had invaded this country successfully in the summer of 1940? Maybe it is futile for France to strive to be a Great Power; perhaps, indeed, futile for any country so to strive. But in so far as France still counts in the world, she owes it to de Gaulle and to him alone. Moreover, de Gaulle was the only European politician to co-operate with the Communists and to outwit them. Without de Gaulle, there would have been civil war in France, and perhaps Communist dictatorship. These are not small services.

Take de Gaulle and his spirit from modern France, and what are we left with? Not the common run of politicians. Miss Gavin has little sympathy with them, though she chronicles their antics. She tries to redeem this drab story at the end, and invokes in her last sentence,

> . . . the proud and the humble, the thinkers and the craftsmen, the soldiers and the women who were in process of renewing the unique contribution of their country to civilisation, and of making France . . . a source of life, a living stream.

Very nice rhetoric, particularly when put in italics. What it amounts to in practice is cynicism about public affairs and a total indifference to them; a concentration on private pleasures, every restaurant precisely catalogued, every wine evaluated. The civilised message of France to the modern world is: "eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die." The French may be right. But the more they, and others, practise this doctrine, the more likely is it to become true.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Comprehensive

The Common Secondary School. By BRIAN SIMON. *Lawrence & Wishart.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Simon's enthusiasm for the common or comprehensive school has unfortunately induced him to write a book which must be regarded as propaganda. His attack upon the tri-partite system, under which children are selected for secondary education in grammar, technical or modern schools, contains certain criticisms of which no one is ignorant, but the demonstration of faults in one system does not prove that another is better. There are very few comprehensive schools in England and Wales, they are very new, and they vary considerably in form and size. So far, there is inadequate evidence of their value to justify jettisoning the existing organisation which provides universal secondary education, an enormous stride since the pre-1944 era, and includes the grammar schools which for centuries have nurtured most educated Englishmen. Disagreement with Mr. Simon's assumption of the superiority of comprehensive schools certainly does not imply hostility towards them. Those people, including most teachers, who are not ideologically committed to this form of education, view it with sympathetic but cautious neutrality. They are watching Kidbrooke and Coventry, Anglesey and the Isle of Man with extreme interest, and they are open to conviction by results carefully detailed and objectively discussed, but not, unless I am greatly mistaken, by Mr. Simon's slashing over-simplification.

To prove his theme, Mr. Simon sometimes argues lopsidedly. For example, in his denunciation of selection procedures and of the concept of intelligence upon which intelligence tests are based, he fails to make it clear that these tests, for all their well-known flaws and inadequacies, provide the best means at present available of predicting whether or not a child will profit from a more academic form of education. There is no evading this fact by pointing to exceptions or by attacking the theory of intelligence. The chapter dealing with selection will salve the pride of parents whose children have failed to obtain grammar-school places, but will exasperate those who are dealing thoughtfully and responsibly with an extremely difficult problem.

Mr. Simon obviously is passionately serious about the educational future of our children. So are many of us. But passion overriding judgment does no service to the common cause.

ADAM CURLE

Shorter Reviews

Wilhelm Furtwängler. By CURT RIESS. *Muller.* 15*s.*

The biography of Wilhelm Furtwängler would be a worth-while task for someone who could really appreciate its implications—and not only for the political events of 1933 and after. His whole attitude to music sprang from a cultural environment which seems totally remote from present-day England, where all forms of metaphysical thinking are at a discount. It is a merit of Curt Riess's little book that it does allow the reader to glimpse this relationship, and so begin to understand that Furtwängler's characteristics as a conductor were more than mannerisms. For him every performance had to be an act of recreation, and to many critics (particularly outside Germany) this determination that the music should speak for itself often seemed to prevent him from allowing it to do so—a peculiarly subtle form of self-deception. Was he a composer *manqué*, as he himself sometimes thought? It would take someone who understood him better than Mr. Riess to answer that.

Of more general interest will be the question of Furtwängler's political actions. Riess is a self-proclaimed apologist (as was Berta Giessmar in her much more distinguished account of these events, *The Baton and the Jackboot*), and in spite of his anecdotal, incomplete, often imperceptive treatment he does succeed in rousing the reader's sympathy. Furtwängler knew better than anyone how deeply his roots were fixed in Germany, and however much he despised the National Socialists he was unable to make the supreme sacrifice of abandoning his country, although this was the only way in which he could repudiate them completely. He later said that in 1935 he would have done it had he realised how they would turn his continued presence to their own advantage. As it was, he seems to have been a just too self-consciously noble figure caught in a situation which allowed little scope for nobility.

Wainewright in Tasmania. By ROBERT CROSSLAND. *Oxford.* 22*s.* 6*d.*

Thomas Wainewright, the artist, literary dilettante and reputed poisoner, was transported for life to Tasmania in 1837 for a forgery he had committed in 1824. His poisoning exploits—he was generally believed to have disposed of his mother-in-law, his sister-in-law and possibly an uncle—were never brought home to him for lack of sufficient medical evidence; but the hypothesis that he was unjustly suspected would have seemed ludicrous to any of his contemporaries, who were amply convinced of his guilt. Mr. Crossland is the first to suggest that it may really have been Mrs. Wainewright who alone did the poisoning.

Inspired by A. J. A. Symons's *Quest for Corvo*, Mr. Crossland has conducted a quest for Wainewright in the Tasmanian archives, and for all his diligence has been somewhat sparsely rewarded. The careers of convicts are not lavishly documented as a rule, and even a notorious figure like Wainewright attracted little attention during the eight years he lived in Hobart working as a hospital orderly and a portrait painter. But Mr. Crossland has at least been able to correct a number of factual errors promulgated by Wainewright's previous biographers. The poisoner was not tall but 5 foot 5½ inches in his stockinged feet, his "square, solid jaw" turns out to be a long chin, and he died of apoplexy in 1847, not in 1852 as the D.N.B. has it. These trifling emendations hardly warrant a full-scale book. Yet it is hard to set out on a quest and not find anything extraordinary to justify it. So Mr. Crossland atones for his dearth of discovery with his theory about Mrs. Wainewright and a somewhat exaggerated estimate of his hero's talent as an artist. Forty-six portraits, mostly in pencil and water-colour, are known to have been painted by Wainewright at Hobart, of which twenty-five are reproduced in this book. The faces of these colonial gentry and their children are competently drawn, as one might expect from the hand of a man who had been a pupil of Fuseli and a regular exhibitor at the Royal Academy in his palmier days. But to a less enthusiastic eye than Mr. Crossland's no spark of genius is visible. By far the most interesting is the self-portrait, showing long flowing locks, a mild oval face clean-shaven save for a lop-sided moustache, and slightly Mephistophelian eyebrows above level, non-committal eyes. Underneath Wainewright has written: "Head of a *Convict*, very characteristic of *low cunning* and of *revenge!*"

To the Third Pole. By G. O. DYHRENFURTH. Translated by HUGH MERRICK. *Werner Laurie.* 30*s.*

Reaching the top of the world is an enterprise comparable to reaching the Poles—hence the slightly odd title of Professor Dyhrenfurth's workmanlike account of the world's highest peaks. There are fourteen of them over 8,000 metres (roughly 26,000 feet), and all are in the Himalayas. Taking each in turn, from Everest to Gasherbrum, Professor Dyhrenfurth explains their geology and how they got their names, summarises their climbing history, speculates on future possibilities. With their long records, Everest, K2, Kanchenjunga and Nanga Parbat naturally get most space: Manaslu and Gosainthan, about which little is known, are briefly disposed of.

That the book is already outdated by this year's climbing on Makalu and Kanchenjunga is in a way a compliment to the author (who has clearly made strenuous efforts to keep pace with events) as it underlines the topicality of the subject and the timeliness of just such a compilation. We are in the golden age of Himalayan climbing; as expeditions set off for the remaining unconquered eight-thousanders, readers of this splendidly illustrated book will know just what is going on. And it will be a godsend to any journalist suddenly assigned to write up such an expedition, who prefers to be accurate about snow-peaks rather than fanciful about snow-men.

The Annual Register of World Events: 1954. Ed. by IVISON S. MACADAM. *Longmans.* 5 *gns.*

This latest volume in a valuable series, which has nearly reached its two hundredth publication, still carries out the original tradition of providing rather more than a source of reference for dates and facts. It does do that, of course, but also as a review of what has happened through the year—at home and abroad, in politics, literature, the arts, science, law and industry—the narrative speaks its critical comment. Chroniclers, whether medieval or modern, have their own art for treating the raw material of contemporary events so that they produce a record capable of standing up to the test of history.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,325

Set by B. Mount

H. Crabb Robinson's diary for 1865 quotes this piece of "critical doggerel":

A splendid muse of fiction hath Charles Dickens
But now and then just as the interest thickens
He stilts his pathos, and the reader sickens.

The usual prizes are offered for similar triplets on any *two* of the following writers: Ivy Compton-Burnett, Compton Mackenzie, Beatrix Potter, Angus Wilson, Enid Blyton, George Orwell, Michael Innes. Entries by *Monday*, July 25.

Result of No. 1,322

Set by Thomas Tusher

Competitors are invited to translate the following passage from Thomas Mann's *Death in Venice* into Hemingway.

What he sought was a fresh scene, without associations, which should yet not be too out of the way; and accordingly he chose an island in the Adriatic, not far off the Istrian coast . . . But there was rain and heavy air; the society at the hotel was provincial Austrian and limited; besides, it annoyed him not to be able to get at the sea—he missed the close and soothing contact which only a gentle sandy slope affords. He could not feel this was the place he sought; an inner impulse made him wretched, urging him on he knew not whither; he racked his brains, he looked up boats, then all at once his goal stood plain before his eyes. But, of course! When one wanted to

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arrive overnight at the incomparable, the fabulous, the like-nothing-else-in-the-world, where was it one went? Why, obviously; he had intended to go there, what ever was he doing here? A blunder. He made all haste to correct it, announcing his departure at once. Ten days after his arrival on the island a swift motor boat bore him and his luggage in the misty dawning back across the water to the naval station, where he landed only to pass over the landing stage and on to the wet decks of a ship lying there with steam up for the passage to Venice.

Report

The difficulty, as was plain as soon as one began to turn over the entries, was to get back to Hemingway, to get back behind the quarter-century of ham-handed imitators who have debased his coinage and brutalised an extremely subtle personal language into the common patois of the insensitive on both sides of the Atlantic. And then there was the further difficulty: which Hemingway was to be the model? For it must be admitted, I think, that in some of his later work Hemingway has gone well over the river and into the trees in the direction of self-parody. No one, it seemed to me, succeeded in catching the wry lyricism of his earliest and perhaps his best work: the Hemingway most in evidence was "Poppa" with his Falstaffian beard; and here I rather liked D. W. Barker's twist to an old gibe:

When he awoke he found that his beard was entangled with the hair on his chest.

Albert Hunt, at least in his opening sentence, caught the right note of "Poppa":

Christ, thought the Colonel, this should have been a good place, fresh and clean, and without the bad things.

Well, to translate the passage from Thomas Mann into the self-parodying Hemingway was obviously attractive and was legitimate enough. The competitor who most successfully attempted this vein was Alwyn Lee (from New York).

What I was mainly looking for, however, was something to match Mann's passage in seriousness of mood. No one quite got it, though there were good efforts from Anne Carmichael, Apple Tree and H. Garrett. But none of these seemed to me to equal the entries of Edward Blishen, who very effectively captured the basic Stein-stutter, and of T. S. Strachan. Prize money to be divided between them and Alwyn Lee.

He knew what he wanted. What he wanted was somewhere new. He wanted that badly but he didn't want to go too far so he went to the island. Only it rained and you couldn't breathe and there wasn't anyone he liked in the hotel, they were all Austrians and dull at that, and he nearly died wanting the sea. He wanted the sea and he wanted the sand, but it was mostly the sand he wanted, and the way the sand feels when you lie on it. He'd thought he'd wanted this place but now he knew he didn't want it, after all. There was somewhere else he wanted, perhaps someone knew where that was but, hell, he didn't know. Hell, he thought, I don't know. Then he thought, hell, of course he knew, all the time he'd known, where anyone went who wanted to go somewhere that wasn't anywhere else. He didn't know why he hadn't gone there, because now he knew that's where he'd wanted to go. Hell, what was wrong with him? He'd wasted ten days, he thought, crossing on the motorboat, but now it would be all right, and he went over the landing stage and got into the steamer, the one that was going to Venice.

EDWARD BLISHEN

He had come to that island in the Adriatic off Istria because it was new and not too far, and he did not wish to be reminded of anything. But the rain was wet and the air was heavy, there were phonies in Tyrolean hats, and he dreamed of a beach so white it hurt your eyes.

Where was it you went when you wanted something rare? Well, I'll be a sad son of a jerk, he thought. That was where you went.

So in the dawn you went in the boat, and it was misty, and you made with your baggage across the landing-stage and into the steamer, making it truly and well, to that place where the Torcello boy smuggled the body of the saint under a load of pork, and they have the square where the pigeons are.

T. S. STRACHAN

Jake walked up from the lousy beach to the bar. It was still full of krauts.

"You got some boat? Good boat?" That was how you got off islands. Boats.

"My brother-in-law," said the bartender. They all had brothers-in-law, bartenders.

"He go Venezia. *Settembrini*." He made with two hands like a gamebird coming in low and fast.

So they had ducks in Venezia. Jake was still wet from the rain.

The boat of the brother-in-law of the one who knew about the ducks was a big beamy diesel. Jake stowed his gear and stopped feeling terrible about how the beach was lousy. Maybe he would find this General and they would get among the *settembrini*—the fast ducks they had up there in Venice in September and everything would be good again like the day Jake and the General had broken out the big Remingtons and gotten the krauts out of Paris pure and sweet and clean . . .

ALWYN LEE

Company Meeting

SMITH'S POTATO CRISPS

RECORD PRODUCTION & SALES

The 26th ordinary general meeting of Smith's Potato Crisps, Ltd., was held on July 8 in London.

Mr. Fermian Le Neve-Foster, chairman, in the course of his speech, said: The Net Group Profit, after taxation, is £214,138 compared with £141,575 for the previous year, an increase of £72,563

The volume of production and sales again constitutes another all-time record in the history of the Company and the turnover of the Crisp Company alone has now reached a rate of appreciably over £3¼ million per annum.

The Directors have come to the conclusion that, having regard to capital developments it will be in the interest of the Shareholders to conserve resources on this occasion and maintain the rate of Final Dividend of 20 per cent plus Cash Bonus of 5 per cent, making a total distribution of 32½ per cent, the same as for the past 17 years.

At the same time, the Board are recommending that a sum of £45,523 10s. of the Profit and Loss Balance should be applied to the payment up in full of 182,094 shares of 5s each to be distributed among the Ordinary shareholders in proportion to one new Ordinary of 5s. for every ten shares held.

The demand for our product continues unabated though at last, with the increased production which we can now envisage, we can have some hopes of meeting it and providing to our customers more adequate supplies than have been possible in the past few years. It is unhealthy to leave demand unsatisfied too long because it encourages competitors to step in or we may become prejudiced by inferior products. The Slogan "There are no Crisps like Smith's" still holds good and I make no apologies for repeating it. When customers can get them, we believe, they will always prefer Smith's to other makes. The popularity of crisps is remarkable and to the public crisps usually mean Smith's Crisps.

I have every confidence that this company will continue to give a good account of itself and add to the fame of our product, Smith's Potato Crisps.

The report was adopted and the capital proposals were approved.

The Chess Board

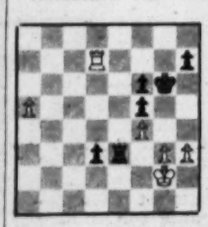
No. 302 The Penalty of Obstruction

"You must not" (says the Highway Code) "wilfully cause obstruction of the footway or highway." If you do you are merely liable to pay a fine, but in chess it may well mean the death penalty. Here is what happened to Pachmann when he reached this position—White against Fuderer—at the recent Hastings tournament; and we may well find some solace in seeing a veritable grandmaster confounded by one of those tricky R and P endings which give most of us so frequent cause for futile self-reproach.

(1) . . . K-Q4, (2) R-K8, P-B5, (3) R-Q8 ch, K-B4, (4) K-Kt2, P-B6, (5) R-QB8 ch, K-Kt5, (6) K-B3, K-Kt6. So far, so good; if only now Pachmann had played P-K4, followed by K-K3 (and, if need be, K-Q2), Black would have had to fight for a draw, and not an easy one either. But, alas, Pachmann disobeyed the Highway Code and soon had to pay the penalty for obstructing his KP.

(7) K-K4?	K-Kt7	(13) P-K5	K-Q5
(8) P-B4	P-B7	(14) P-K6	P x P
(9) P-B5	P—Q	(15) P x P	R-K4
(10) R x Q	K x R	(16) P-R4	K-Q4
(11) K-B4	K-Q7	(17) P-R5	P-R3
(12) P-K4	K-Q6	(18) resigns.	

In R and P endings it is usually easier to obtain a "theoretical win" than actually to win it. Here—in an instructive object lesson dug out by the *Oesterreichische Schachzeitung*—Kotov shows us how to do it. Watch how, by exploiting the restricted position of the Black K and his lack of waiting moves, Kotov confounds Black's only chance of securing the draw by swapping his passed QP against the "distant" one.



(1) K-B2	R-K7 ch	(8) R-Q4	R-B6 ch
(2) K-B3	R-QR7	(9) K-Kt4	R x RP
(3) R-Q5	P-Q7	(10) P-R6	R-R8
(4) K-K2	R-R6 (forced)	(11) R-Q3	R-Kt8 ch
(5) K x P	R x KtP	(12) K-R5	R-Kt1
(6) R-Q3	R-Kt7 ch	(13) P-R7	R-QR1
(7) K-B3	R-KB7 (best)	(14) K-Kt6	K-R4
(15) R-KKt3!	K-R5	(20) K-B5	K-R7
(16) R-Kt7	K-R6!	(21) K-Q4	P-R6
(17) K-Kt7!	R x P ch	(22) K-K3	K-R8
(18) K x R	P-R4	(23) K-B3	resigns.
(19) K-Kt6	P-R5		

After (17) R x P ch?, K-Kt6, Black would have escaped with a draw. White had to keep the Black K constrained.

To find oneself three pawns down against Reshevsky should be enough to strike terror into the stoutest heart. But Pilnik, nothing daunted, secured an immediate draw. How? After this easy 4-pointer the 6 and 7 ladder-points for **B** (a draw) and **C** (a win) may seem to be almost miserly.

A: Pilnik 1942

B: F. Amelung 1904

C: A. Peronace 1955

Usual prizes. Entries by July 25.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 299. Set June 25

A: (1) Q x Kt (h6) ch, K x Q, (2) Kt-K6 ch, K-R4, (3) B-K2 ch, K-R5, (4) R-B4 ch, Kt x R, (5) P-Kt 3 ch, K-R6, (6) Kt x Kt mate.

B: (1) Kt-K4, P queens, (2) R-Q2 ch K-K8, (3) R-Q5 ch!, K-B1, (4) Kt x Kt ch, etc.
if (2) . . . K-B8, (3) B-R3 ch, K-Kt8, (4) R-QKt2 ch, K-B8, (5) R-KKt2 ch!, K-Q8, (6) Kt-B2 ch, etc.
if (1) . . . Kt x Kt, (2) R x Kt ch, K-B7, (3) R-R2 ch, K-Kt6, (4) R x P, K x B, (5) R-R4, etc.

C: (1) P-K6, B-B3, (2) B-R8!, P-R7, (3) P-Kt7, B x P ch, (4) K x B, B-K4, (5) P queens, B x Q, (6) P-K7, P queens, (7) P x Q, Q-R5 ch, (8) K-Kt7, Q x Q stalemate.

A tough lot, many stumped by **C** and some by **B**. Prizes shared by E. A. Barclay-Smith, D. E. Cohen, A. J. Roycroft, A. Schneider, M. Sinclair.

ASSIAC

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

WOMAN, Hons. grad. (Lond.), early 50s but youthful appearance, alert, dependable, economic research, indexing, and some library experience, writing and summarising ability, working knowledge 6 languages (incl. Russian, Scand.), typing, would like charge small library, post as assistant librarian, or other suitable work. Box 8377.

LADY experienced catering, staff control, interested in people, diploma cook, driving licence, seeks post hotel/school. London/Home Counties. Box 8309.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

CONTINENTAL Holiday Tours. Grad. (m.) 43, personable, keen, some exp., avail. July 24-Aug. 28. Box 8143.

BANK Clerk (29) seeks job where hard work and initiative appreciated. Anything anywhere considered. Box 8476.

MALE graduate, 27, shs. temp. job August South England or W. Highlands, pref. outdoors or teaching. Box 8336.

MAN (33), responsible, experience in commerce and child welfare, seeks socially useful post with scope for ideas. Would consider secretarial post (Shorthand/Typing) of a non-routine nature. Box 8411.

QUALIFIED couple (mid 30s) sk. responsible position with school-age children. Exp. teaching and child care. Box 8412.

PERSONAL

YOUNG Jugoslav Lady Professor, wishing to improve her knowledge of English, seeks congenial occupation for July and August. Nursing, Kindergarten work, Ladies' Companion, teach German. No remuneration, only hospitality. Box 8192.

CONTINENTAL students' boating & rambling club South London invites English students to join activities. Box 8269.

UNIVERSITY Lecturer seeks small flat Paris September. Prepared share accom. and expenses. Box 8160.

PAINTER, 27, finishing French scholarship, wants part-time job London area. Knows French. Cooks professionally. Types. Thorough knowl. Theatre after 3 years' designing. Neither proud nor Bohemian. Box 8501.

BABY-sitting offered for 2-roomed flatlet, Fulham area. £3 rent. Box 8504.

FOREIGNER, on 6 months' visit to U.K., wishes to form opinion on prospects Engl. novel. Would welcome suggestions reading list max. 20 titles of representative or relevant or merely hopeful novels by authors appr. under 35 publ., appr. last 5 yrs. Box 8489.

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SOUTH of France. Menton. French and Italian Riviera. Available late September/October delightful Villa overlooking sea amid tropical palms, lemon groves and vines in private grounds, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen, lounge, electricity and water. Moderate terms. Box 8339.

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SPANISH and Portuguese conversation required. Box 8263.

SPANISH young lady grad. wishes exchange with English young lady this summer. Alicia Riera, Leopoldo Alas 2, Oviedo, Spain.

SWEDISH-English translations. Contacts Publishers; others sought. Box 8298.

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PERSONAL—continued

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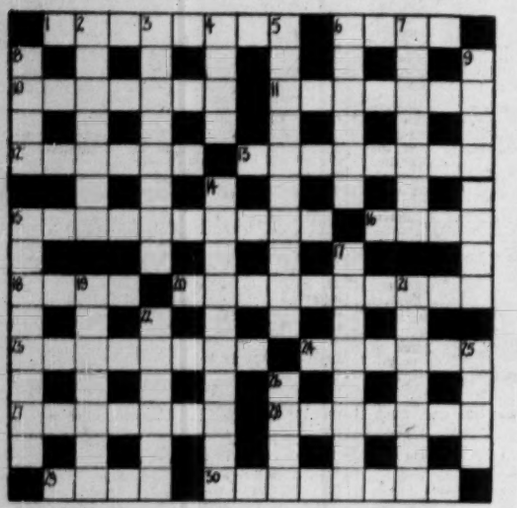
Tib. 307

Week-end Crossword No. 161

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 161, N.S.&N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on July 26.



ACROSS

1. Emotional passage to quote back (8).
6. Theatre entrance (4).
10. Born to walk in a prickly shrub (7).
11. If there were no countryside in it the picture would be banned (7).
12. The boy to give his life for another (6).
13. The constant woman is to run off after a writer (8).
15. Half African part of Europe (10).
16. Game traveller (4).
18. Reeve's mate (4).
20. Houses from which letters are returned when father is missing (10).
23. Hidden beginning with anagrammatic clues (8).
24. Clever enough to make something out of the fragments of the statue (6).
27. Letter that is spelt wrongly (7).
28. Rummage for the reply in the letter holder (7).
29. Bring up what is often brought up (4).
30. It is enclosed, and there is warmth in the building (8).

DOWN

2. If the boy disappeared, the pantomime character would make a noise (7).
3. Whereabouts in Scotland a man has more than one wife (8).
4. One who unites a rank (4).
5. Buildings for Hardcastle perhaps (10).
6. Large cup for a little mouthful? (6)
7. There may be a lot more in this musical effect (7).
8. There is passage money in here, but the hobo loves to travel without paying (4).
9. Mathematical expression for beet? (4, 4).
14. Six-footers by the metric system (10).
15. It sounds like extra livestock for the fens (8).
17. Composer whose variations are tameness itself (8).
19. It is used by the potter and finishes with a piece of baked clay (7).
21. No early bird to rival (7).
22. Dairy produce from the goat? (6).
25. It sounds as if it is tiresome for recruits (4).
26. Composer amid the learners (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 159

B	I	R	D	C	A	G	E		P	U	L	P	I	T
U		I		U		O			S		A		A	
C	H	A	M	P	I	O	N		S	A	C	R	U	M
K		L		B		D		S		G		O		A
L	O	T	T	O		W	E	E	K	E	N	D	E	R
E		O		A		I		C			I		I	
		I	R	O	N	F	O	U	N	D	E	R	S	
E		F		D		S		N		U		S		K
G	O	L	D	S	T	A	N	D	A	R	D			
G		A				N		N		S		R		P
F	I	N	L	A	N	D	I	A		L	O	O	F	A
L		K		L		S		T		I		V		S
I	D	I	O	T	S		G	U	I	N	N	E	S	S
P		N		O			R		G		R		E	
S	A	G	E	S	T		P	E	R	S	I	S	T	S

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 159

Alex. Miller, O.B.E. (Abadan), Miss M. E. Barker (Leeds), Mrs. B. Ellis (London, N.W.8.)

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

CORNWALL, Treharrock Manor. Continental Holiday now midst loveliest beaches on Cornish Riviera. Remarkably sheltered. Few vacancies July-Aug. Glorious surf-bathing, Polzeath. Sun-bathing. Safe, golden sands. Fishing, boating, sailing, in Italian-like villages. Salmon, trout. T.V. lounge. Billiards. Table-tennis. Children's room. Golf (Rock). Open all year. Select. Re-equipped. 5 hrs. London. 11*gns.* except July-Sept. Superb cooking. Miss Wainewright, Port Isaac 234.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Tel. Robertsbridge 126.

CORNWALL: In lovely, unspoilt country by Fowey River, 3 miles sea, modern comfort, notable food in Georgian manor house in own big grounds among green fields, enchanting woods. Fishing. Boating. Send for Brochure S. Penquite House Hotel, Golant, nr. Par. Tel. Fowey 124.

ISLE of Wight Guest House, own beach, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. & c., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp) from N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh Mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5½-6½*gns.* George and Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Telephone Llanrwst 166.

SEPTEMBER Holidays at Normanhurst, the small friendly Private Hotel in "Britain's Best Climate." 5½/8*gns.*, fully inclusive. Recommended by readers. Illus. brochures. Own beach hut opp. Normanhurst, Sea-front, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex.

RYE. The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Superb position in lovely centre for Summer holidays. Rye 2216.

CORNWALL. Ceilidhe Guest House, Polruan-by-Fowey. Superbly sit., every comfort. Vacs. early July, Sept., Oct. 7*gns.*

FARM Holiday Guide. Describing Britain's Best Holiday Farms. Illus. 3s. 3d. post pd. Farm Guide, 18 High St., Paisley.

RIVER Fowey, Cwall. Modernised Georgian house 12 acres, quiet secl. valley, fishing near, beaches 5mls., 7-8*gns.* Reduc. children. Lr. Milltown, Lostwithiel 260.

NEAR Oxford. Croft House, Purcot, has a few vacancies for August and September. Thames-side gardens; hard tennis court; billiards. Club licence. A.A., R.A.C.

BETTWS-Y-COED district. Picturesque house beautifully situated above the colourful mountain Valley of the Lledr. Modern comfort, Continental cooking. 7½*gns.* Bwlch Bach Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolwyddelan 220.

THE Slipway House, Port Issac, Cornwall. Perfect for a restful holiday. Every comfort in charming old-world setting. Directly facing harbour, safe bathing, magnificent cliff/country walks, good touring centre. Garage. Terms 6½-8*gns.* 'Phone 264.

DIFFERENT is the word for Kathleen Batten's friendly hotel on Ashdown Forest. There's good food and comfort too. Old Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Sharpthorne 17.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

RESTFUL holidays, Country Guest House, on lovely Herts-Essex border. Good food; home prod. Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. Hatfield Heath 263.

NEW Forest. Vegetarian Guest House. Mod. cons. Excellent dietary. 4 to 5*gns.* S. H. & F. L. Hawkins, New Grounds, Godshill, Fordingbridge, Hants.

SUSSEX. Blue Idol, Coolham, Horsham. Historic 17th century Guest House. Fully modernised. Good food, large restful garden. Beautiful rural surroundings. Coolham 241.

SMALL modern hotel overlooking sea. White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. 'Phone Rottingdean 2614.

BLENHEIM Farm, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Comfortable accom. and good food. 6½*gns.* wk. Easy train journey from Charing X. Riding stables. Coarse fishing. Tel. 148.

CORNWALL, Port Issac (old-world Fishing Village). Carn Haven Guest House. Excel. food & comfort guaranteed. 5½/7*gns.* Brochure. Tel. 286

PORTHCURNO, Cornwall. Sandy beaches, good food. Russell, 18 Manor Mansions, N.W.3. PRI. 4068.

KENT, wooded Downs, XVth-Cent. Farmhouse, 5*gns.* wkly. Kemp, Little Gains, Elmsted (Tel. 353), Ashford. Between Canterbury & Hythe, walking country.

BOURNEMOUTH Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 200 yds. sea front Gdns., Putting Green, Garages, Superlative food. 7*gns.* Summer 7½-9*gns.*

BEACONSFIELD. Old Jordans Hostel. Quaker Guest House. In beautiful quiet Buckinghamshire countryside. Why spend money and time on long railway journeys?

WRITER'S wife welcomes P.G.s. Raffeen Cottage, Fowey, Cornwall. 6/6½*gns.* Breakfast, evening dinner. Mrs. Dorman.

BEAUTIFUL countryside with comfort & good food. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, Sussex. (Eastbourne Line.) Horam Rd. 32.

"LES Hotels de la France 1955." The only official French hotel guide. 516 pp. App. 1200 illus. 15s. 9d. post free from Barmerlea Book Sales, Ltd., 10 Bayley St., W.C.1.

THE new 1955-56 edition of "The Good Food Guide" is now ready. Contains nearly 800 places throughout Britain which serve a good meal at a reasonable price. Nearly a third of the entries are new. The standard goes higher every year. 5s. from all booksellers. Published by Cassell.

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. MUS. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

LONDON. York House Private Hotel, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. B. & B. from 15s. daily.

LARGE light room, single/double. Gas ring, bath. Mod. Crouch Hill. Box 8523.

SGLE. divan-room, 3 mins. Hampstead Tube. Use kit. & garden. HAM. 6086.

SINGLE & dble. rms. from 45s. Congenial, unrestricted house. PRI. 5602.

SINGLE rm. (w. piano) to let July-Sept. N.W.6. £2 12s. 6d. wk. MAI. 7621.

S/C. apt. single divan-room. Tel., c.h., c.h.w., N.W.8, bus. pers. Box 8555.

QUIET attractive divan room to let. Hampstead Garden Suburb. 35s. MEA. 1084.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

MOD. b/s. nr. heath/buses, 2*gns.*, dbl. 3gns. Meals opt. Bus. girl. GUL. 7907.

S.W.13. Beautiful centrally-heated bed/sit. rm., wash-basin, cont. ckg., good distr., easy access town. Any nat. wel. PRO. 6809.

RESPONSIBLE but unconventional young woman offered room, flat, artist couple. Cent. July 16-Sept. 2 appr. £2 10s. Box 8557.

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 4886. Charming, comfortable service rms., with board, reasonable.

HIGHGATE, close tube. Luxury divan rooms, new contemp. furn., concealed ckr. Use k., b. 57s. and 63s. MOU. 9610.

HAMPSTEAD. Perm., temp. accom., sgle., dble., cooking facs., gdn. Tel. HAM. 4585 Sat./Sun. morns., weekday evgs.

N.W.11. Furn. B/S. rm., gas fire, ckng. ring, H. & C., garden, phone, use of bath, 'frige, linen. 1 min. buses, 3 mins. Golders Grn. Stn. Bus./prof. wom. MEA. 1435

ATTRAC. large B/S. room; kit'ette., suit 2, nr. bus/tube. £3 10s. Ref. TUD. 0516.

ST. Davids, Sept. 3-17 only. Delightful mod. furn. house. Ring KIN. 8014.

N.W.11. Family House. C.H.W. Garden with plum trees. Sleep 6-8, to let August. £10*gns.* per week. SPE. 6112.

TO let, single and double divan-bed-sitting rooms, with partial board. Reasonable. MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

WANTED: three young people to join five others in large Hampstead flat till mid-October. Ring Hampstead 4067.

TO let furn. Aug./Sept. part Regency house Hampstead. 3 rooms, kit., use bath., piano, garden. Near Heath. 6*gns.* Box 8473.

TO Let: July 23-Aug. 10 approx. Hampstead garden flat. Sleep 3-4. C.H.W. £5 p.w. HAM. 9025.

LARGE sunny bed-sittingroom, private flat. Use kitchen & bathroom. Suit lady. £2 5s. 'Phone after 6.30 p.m. PRI. 7393.

2 LARGE bright rooms furnished, all facilities. Pleasant quiet house, agreeable neighbourhood, suit 1 student or business person. Reasonable rent. 'Phone FIN. 0358.

MODERN single furn. room, newly dec., cooking facilities, 'phone, etc., W.1. Ring WEL. 3921 9.30-5.30 weekdays.

PLEASANT furn. dble. bed/sit., dining-kitchen, workroom, garden. Country, dly. reach London. 2*gns.* Woldingham 2374.

HENLEY-on-Thames. Large flat, fully furnished to let September; 5 bedrooms (3 with washbasins), telephone. 3 minutes river, Station. 6½*gns.* per week. Box 8338.

SOLITARY caravan, 22ft. 4-berth, secluded, sheltered, moorland, just become available. "Glebetown," Bridestowe, Okehampton.

WANTED last week July & whole August, house in or near London. Four bedrooms plus. Box 8563.

REQUIRED by professional couple for 3 to 4 weeks in Sept., pleasant s/c. furn. flat preferably North West London. Box 8594.

OXFORD grad., 23, sks. flat/rm./p.g. from Aug. 12, cent. London pref.; parking space apprec. Replies aft. Aug. 4. Box 8526.

YOUNG professional couple want unfurn. or part-furn. self-contd. accom., comfortable reach (up to 45 mins.) Fleet St., from August. Long let if desired. 1/2 bed., recp., k. & b. Max. £5. Box 8453.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

PROFESSIONAL woman seeks small unfurn. flat (or rooms, use k. & b.) in return mod. rent, baby-sitting. Hampstead or Fleet St. area. Box 8198.

WANTED, August or Sept. or both, furn. gd. floor flat for 2 with access to private garden. N.W. or W. pref. CUN. 4457.

QUIET middle-aged woman requires large comf. b/sit., usual cons., ckg. facils., accessible shops Richmond. Box 8488.

RETIRED lady wd. like to share a home, 2 rooms, r.w.; not as P.G. Box 8573.

ANTHROPOLOGIST visiting Oxford seeks furn. accommodation, 3 bedrooms, young family, mid-August through November. W. W. Fay, Sudbury, Massachusetts.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

UNF. flat (top floor large house) 2 rooms, bathroom, kitchenette to let, S.E.23. £156 p.a. incl. light & c.h.w. Box 8502.

TO let, s/c. 6-roomed upper maisonnette congenially furn. by academic owners. Overlooks beautiful gdns. 300 yds. Earls Court Station. FRO. 6259.

BLACKHEATH: 3-rm. furn. flat; tel. £3 10s. p.w. Suit prof. cple. Box 8602.

TO Let, a small historic house in Corsham, Wilts. Mod. Con.; 3 reception; 5 bed; bathroom, etc. Rent £150 p.a. Apply Agent, 15 St. Mary Street, Chippenham, Wilts.

PEMBROKESHIRE, Newport, delightful seaside & country town. Ground-floor flat to let. Mid-July onwards. Apply Phillips, Abertawe House.

SUFFOLK. Rusty, rustic cott. 4 rms. park let 6/9 months £2 10s. weekly. Box 8445.

COW to let with Clee Hills farmhouse, six rooms, eight weeks mid-August. Osler, Clee St. Margaret, Ludlow.

1 YR.'S rent in advance or some furn./fittings paid by 2 graduates (ladies) for mod. priced s/c flat. Lon. area. Box 8577.

YOUNG business woman requires unfurnished flat London. Box 8347.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE AND WANTED

ATTRACTIVE family house at an attractive price. 17th Century farmhouse, modernised, all conveniences, 5 beds, 3 living, kit, dairy. 15 miles Cambridge, 48 London. £2,400 freehold. Box 8571.

HALF Georgian country house containing 3 large reception rooms, 6 bedrooms (washbasins), 2 bathrooms, or will conveniently split again into two smaller self-contained units, 5 rooms, k. and b. Fully modernised throughout. Attractive garden, terrace, conservatory, home farm, hard tennis court. Own drive and entrances, completely private. In parkland, unspoilable views. 50 miles north of London, 8 miles east of Bedford. Converted to future owner's requirements. For sale or lease at about £2,750. Box 8231.

HONEY Thatch, Wickham, nr. Newbury. Beautiful old-world Residence with a thatched roof. Quietly but conveniently placed in pretty unspoiled Village 500ft. above sea level. Lounge. Dining Room. Kitchen. 3 Bedrooms. Dressing Room. 2 Bathrooms. Garage. Well-fitted Staff Cottage. Charming garden nearly one acre. Main Water & Elec. Septic Tank Drainage. Immersion Heater. Price £4,750 or Auction later. Thake & Paginton, Agents, Newbury.

3-BED timber and asbestos bungalow, e.l., water, septic tank, bath, garage, Whiteway, Glos., £1,200 or offer.—Box 8432.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

SENIOR Scientific Officers; Scientific Officers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable appointments. Applications may be accepted up to December 31, 1955, but early application is advised as an earlier closing date may be announced. Interview Boards will sit at frequent intervals. The Scientific posts cover a wide range of scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. In biological subjects the number of vacancies is small: individual vacancies exist for candidates who have special knowledge of, or who are interested in palæobotany, foraminifers, and recent and pleistocene mammals. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first or second class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification; or possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates taking their degrees in 1955 may apply before the result of their degree examination is known. Age Limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31, but specially suitable candidates under 26 may be admitted. For Scientific Officers between 21 and 28 during 1955 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class). Salary (London) Senior Scientific Officers: (men) £1,010—£1,185; (women) £893—£1,077. Scientific Officers: (men) £492—£885; (women) £492—£795. Women's scales subject to improvement under equal pay scheme. Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S.53/55 for Senior Scientific Officers, S.52/55 for Scientific Officers.

AUSTRALIA—University of Melbourne. Applications are invited for a position of Lecturer or Senior Lecturer in General and Experimental Psychology. Salary: Lecturer £A1,300 to £A1,650; Senior Lecturer £A1,750 to £A2,000, with annual increments of £A40; commencing salary according to qualifications and experience. Superannuation is similar to F.S.S.U. The appointee will be expected to take up duty as soon as possible, preferably not later than February 1, 1956. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is August 31, 1955.

AUSTRALIA—University of Sydney. The Senate will shortly proceed to an appointment to the Chair of Psychiatry. The Professor will act as consultant to the clinical services of the mental hospitals controlled by the New South Wales Department of Public Health and will be appointed Medical Director of Broughton Hall Psychiatric Clinic, Sydney. As Medical Director, he will be responsible for the direction and selection of admissions and the entire medical treatment programme at the Clinic. The University will establish a University Department of Psychiatry at the Clinic. The combined salary of the appointee will be £A5,000 per annum to which will apply the retirement provisions of the Professorial Superannuation Scheme. In addition, there will be a pension of not less than £A400 per annum upon retirement after the age of sixty years. Finance is available for home purchase under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme. The Senate reserves the right to fill the Chair by invitation. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is August 15, 1955.

ST. BERNARD'S Hospital for Nervous and Mental Disorders, Southall, Middlesex. Psychologist (Part-time) required (8 sessions weekly). National Health Service Whitley Council rates and conditions. Applications giving full details age, qualifications, exp., and names and addresses of refs., to Physician Superintendent. The successful candidate may be rqd. to pass a medical exam.

ASSISTANT Manager (preferably 30-45 years), required for the London Office of the Southern Africa Settlement Association. The person sought should be energetic, good at organising, capable of getting on easily with people and have enthusiasm for the objects of the Association. Duties, in addition to managing a small office, will include conducting interviews with prospective emigrants, making all arrangements for emigration and the organising of appeals on behalf of the Association. The successful candidate will be given two years training at a salary of £600 p.a. after which he will succeed the present Manager (who will then be retiring) at a salary of £1,000 p.a. The post is pensionable. Please write giving full details of age, experience, etc., in first instance, to Box N.S.651, c/o 191, Gresham House, E.C.2.

EXPERIMENTAL Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable posts. Applications may be accepted up to December 31, 1955, but forms should be returned as soon as possible as an earlier closing date may be announced either for the competition as a whole or in one or more subjects. No more applications from meteorologists can be accepted. Interview Boards will sit at frequent intervals. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Biological Sciences, (d) Engineering subjects, and (e) Miscellaneous (including e.g. Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). Age Limits: For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1955; for Assistant Experimental Officers at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1955. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates aged 31 or over with specialised experience for Experimental Officer posts may be admitted. Candidates must have at least one of a number of specified qualifications. Examples are Higher School Certificate, General Certificate of Education, Scottish Leaving Certificate, Scottish Universities Preliminary Examination, Northern Ireland Senior Certificate (all in appropriate subjects and at appropriate levels), Higher National Certificate, University degree. Candidates taking their examinations in 1955 may be admitted. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. In general a higher standard of qualification will be looked for in the older candidates than in the younger ones. Salary (London): Experimental Officer £750—£920 (men); £663—£808 (women). Assistant Experimental Officer. £302 (at age 18) to £670 (men), £584 (women). Starting pay up to £545 (men) or £516 (women) at 26. Somewhat lower outside London. Promotion prospects. Women's scales subject to improvement under equal pay scheme. Further particulars from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S94-95/55.

ROYAL Scottish Museum, Edinburgh: Assistant Keeper (2nd Class). The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for a pensionable post in the department of art and ethnography. Duties include identification and registration of specimens, and arrangement and supervision of collections. Age at least 22 and under 26 on August 1, 1955, with extension for exceptional qualifications, or for service in H.M. Forces or established civil service. Candidates must have, or obtain in Summer, 1955, a University degree with First- or Second-class Honours in an Arts subject, preferably in history, or geography, or languages, or fine art, or anthropology, or archæology. Salary £480-£695 (£605 women). Women's scale being improved under equal pay scheme. Starting pay may be increased for compulsory service in H.M. Forces or approved post-graduate experience. Promotion prospects. Further information and application forms from the Director, Royal Scottish Museum, Chambers Street, Edinburgh, 1. Application forms to be returned by July 30, 1955.

SOLICITOR required by Incorporated Cambridge University Settlement, 131 Camberwell Road, London, S.E.5, as whole-time Assistant in Legal Advice Centre. Salary £660 per year, rising by annual increments of £30 to £750. Duties: To advise and to negotiate for poor persons, chiefly but not exclusively matrimonial, tenancy and accident cases. No advocacy. Excellent opportunity for recently admitted man to obtain intensive experience. Essential requirements are sympathetic but very firm character, imperturbability, and capacity for exceedingly hard work. For Application Form apply not later than July 23, 1955, to above address.

AN ASSISTANT Warden, resident, will be required in the early Autumn for a small family rehabilitation home which will be opening under the control of a voluntary committee. Applicants should be domesticated and able to teach simple household skills to mothers who will be resident with their under-school-age children. Experience in social work an advantage. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Further information can be obtained from Secretary, Middlemore Homes, Crowley Hse., Wesley Park Road, Selly Oak, Birmingham, 29.

MANCHESTER University Settlement. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men for the post of Youth Club Leader. Further particulars from the Warden, 20 Every St., Manchester, 4.

HOUSE Father required September, hostel for 25 maladjusted boys. North Bucks. Experience necessary. Box 8428.

REQUIRED for Autumn, full-time leader for East London Club catering largely for delinquent boys. Previous experience necessary. Wide scope and opportunity for development of unusual type of club work. Commencing salary in region £500. Appl. forms from H. Brand, Toynbee Hall, E.1.

SENIOR Clinical Psychologist required in Children's Department, Farnborough Hospital, Kent, for one session weekly. Salary according to age and experience, in accordance with recommendations of P.T.A. Whitley Council. Apply to Administrative Officer.

MATHS. tutor, Comm. Entr. mornings Sept. Girls' estabt. Box 8439.

THE Labour Party invites applications for the post of Secretary to its International Department. Knowledge of international affairs, the Labour Movement and the Socialist International, languages, and drafting ability essential. Application forms can be obtained from Mr. Morgan Phillips, Secretary of the Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1. When completed the application form should be returned, with specimens of written work, not later than Friday, August 12.

THE Political Committee of the London Co-operative Society invites applications for the position of Assistant to the Secretary. Applicants should be conversant with the structure and policy of the Co-operative Party and have a knowledge of the Co-operative, Labour and Trade Union Movements. The duties will be mainly administrative and will require, amongst other things, an understanding of Local Government organisation. The position is superannuated and carries a commencing salary of £675 per annum. Intending applicants should write for further details to Mr. E. Bedford, Political Secretary, London Co-operative Society, Ltd., Pioneer House, 348, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1, no later than Saturday, August 20, 1955.

LIBRARIAN required to take charge of Labour Party Library. Practical experience of classification, cataloguing and library method or professional qualification essential, also knowledge and interest in the Labour Movement. Salary scale £600-£750. Application forms from Morgan Phillips, Secretary, Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1, to be returned by July 30, 1955.

WEST Riding County Council. Lady Mabel College of Physical Education. Applications are invited from women for appointment as Principal of this College, which was established in 1949 and will have 150 students in September. An Honours Degree of a British University or comparable qualifications in Physical Education are desirable. Present salary scale, subject to adjustment under equal pay for women proposals, £1,115 × £50—£1,365 with free board residence. Further particulars and form of application from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Wakefield.

QUALIFIED Social Worker (Woman) is required for a post of exceptional interest on the outskirts of Liverpool involving an original approach to the problems of new communities; general casework experience and an interest in group work are necessary; salary approx. £650 and car allowance. Full particulars available from General Secretary, Liverpool Personal Service Society (Inc.), 34 Stanley Street, Liverpool, 1, to whom completed applications should be made within two weeks of the appearance of this advertisement.

OXFORDSHIRE County Council. Children's Care Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Children's Welfare Officer (Female) on the staff of the Children's Department. Child Care, Social Science Certificate or recognised qualifications, and/or experience in a Children's Department, an advantage. Salary £560 × £20 to £640, i.e., A.P.T. II. Use of car essential. Council has loan scheme to assist purchase of new or second-hand cars. Post will be permanent and pensionable. Applic. forms from County Children's Officer, 103 Banbury Road, Oxford, should be returned not later than July 23, 1955. Gerald Gale Burkitt, Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Oxford.

FAMILY Service Units is already working in Liverpool, Manchester, Salford, Oldham, York, Bradford, Leicester, Birmingham, Bristol, Sheffield and London and is being pressed to extend its intensive work with Problem Families to many other parts of the country. Social workers interested in participating in this development can obtain details of salaries, qualifications, training, etc., from 25 St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1.

CANE Hill Hospital Management Committee, Coulsdon, Surrey. Clinical Psychologist (part-time—up to 5 sessions a week) required at above large mental hospital. Applicants must possess honours degree in psychology and preferably have had additional training in clinical psychology. Salary and conditions of service in accordance with those prescribed by the Professional and Technical Whitley Council "A" for the Health Services. Applications, stating age, qualifications and exper., addressed to Physician Superintendent by not later than ten days after appearance of this advert.

NURSERY Nurse, resident, required in early autumn for a post in Birmingham. Person appointed to be responsible for children under 5 years of age who will be resident with their mothers at a small family rehabilitation home which will be opening under the control of a voluntary committee. N.N.E.B. or similar qualification necessary. Salary in accordance with appropriate scale for qualifications. Further information can be obtained from the Secretary, Middlemore Homes, Crowley House, Wesley Park Road, Selly Oak, Birmingham, 29.

GROUP Mother and/or Father and Eurythmist urgently needed for maladjusted children. Salaried positions. Cotswold Chine Home School, Box, Nr. Stroud, Glos.

DOCTOR'S household reqs. resident domestic help early September. Foreign or coloured worker would suit. Box 8553.

CLERK of the London County Council. Applications are invited for appointment from January, 1956 as Clerk of the London County Council at a salary of £5,000 a year. The Clerk of the Council is the chief administrative official of the Council; and candidates should have had wide administrative experience in positions of responsibility. Application forms giving full particulars are obtainable from the Clerk of the Council (CL/G), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, and must be returned by Sat., August 20, 1955. Canvassing disqualifies.

THE University of Hull. Applications are invited for a research appointment in the Department of Economics and Commerce to conduct a three-year investigation into the economics of fish distribution. Applicants must possess suitable academic qualifications and experience. Salary scale £650 × £50—£1,000, together with F.S.S.U. and children's allowances. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar with whom applications (five copies) and the names of two referees must be lodged not later than July 23, 1955. Candidates short-listed will be interviewed on July 27, 1955. Special application forms will not be issued.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Economic Statistics. Salary scale £550—£650 per annum, with membership of the F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than August 6, 1955, to Registrar, University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars & forms of appl. may be obtained.

CANADA. 24 miles from Toronto. Librarian required September 1, Public Library, Ajax. Min. salary £1,000 p.a. For further partics. apply airmail Chairman, Ajax Public Library, Ajax, Ontario.

GERMAN-English Secretary/Shorthand-Typist wanted by City firm. Good salary, but only efficient and experienced applicants can be considered. Five-day week. Social Club. Apply Box 8438.

ADMIN. Secretary for Director of Manufacturers' Assocn., pref. grad. French & German essent. £500/600 p.a. Portman Bureau, 78 George St., W.1. WEL. 4559.

DESIGN Research Unit want secretary/shorthand typist to work with senior architects. Experience pref. Apply in writing to Business Manager, 37 Park St., W.1.

MARRIED women (and others) seeking part-time secretarial work, write Gen. Sec., Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1. Also full-time posts, £6 5s. p.w. plus increments, 5-day week, 4 weeks' paid holiday!

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SOLICITORS (Holborn) require managing clerk experienced in Factory Act cases. Generous salary. Holiday this year. Telephone Chancery 8273.

IF you need an efficient secretary, junior or senior, apply to the Mayfair Secretarial College, 57 Duke St., Lndn., W.1. May. 6626.

OLD-Established Publishers require sec.-shorthand-typist. No Sats. Box 8619.

DORSET: Mother and daughter (or two women friends) wanted. Self-contained, furnished or unfurnished flat provided. Mother to act as Cook-housekeeper for small household. Farmhouse, modern kitchen, e.l. Daughter to assist with secretarial work and garden, etc. Able to drive car. References exchanged. Apply for interview, giving full particulars, to Dupont, Langdon Manor, Beaminster, Dorset.

DESPERATELY busy young business couple urgently need friendly, capable cook-housekeeper. Georgian house in 15 acres but only 2 miles from civilisation. Happy surroundings and £5 per week salary. The two children, their nannie and the daily help all sharing present burden, but anxiously need relief. Mrs. Williams, Thorpe House, Thorpe, Egham, Surrey. Chertsey 2189.

WANTED, 2 ladies to help in small guest-house at the sea front in Woolacombe. Wages £3 10s. weekly. Write Mrs. G. Garness, Sea View, Woolacombe, N. Devon.

RESPONSIBLE domesticated person required to run professional woman's small house on Kensington-Hammersmith border, incl. 2 children at day schl. All serious suggestions consid. and answered. Box 8354.

TEMPORARY employment during vacations in Lyons Teashops is offered. Young men or women are invited to apply to Staff Engagement Office, 2B Granville Place, Orchard Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

For "Appointments Wanted" see page 81.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Last 3 weeks. Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat. evgs. 6.30. Tues. & Sun. 7.0. "Mourning Becomes Electra." Mems. 10s. yrly.

ST. Pancras Town Hall, July 21, 7.30. "You're Only Young Once," by Ewan MacColl, produced by Joan Littlewood. A modern folktale with music.

IRVING (WHI. 8557). Sat., 10.30, Sun., 9.30. Last perfs. Soho So What. Mems.

UNITY Th. EUS. 5391. "Peacemeal," Unity revue. Fris. Sats. Sns. 7.45. Mems.

ROYAL Festival Hall. Gala Season of Stuttgart State Opera. Sept. 13/23. Elektra, Tristan und Isolde, Die Zauberflöte, Fidelio. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Box Off. opens July 18 (for personal applic. only).

"COMUS," with orchestra, in garden of 31 Frognal, N.W.3. 9.15 p.m., July 16, 19, 21. If wet, Moreland Hall.

SITARA Devi, "The Kathak Queen of India," will give a recital of classical and folk dances of India on Tues., July 19, 8 p.m. at St. Pancras Town Hall, Euston Rd., N.W.1. For partics. apply Asian Film Socy., 11 Greek St., W.1. Tel. GER. 0073.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until July 17: "Bicycle Thieves" (U). From July 18: "Open City" (A).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. Wat. 3232. Open to public. Sat., Jul. 16. Joan Bennett, Ed. G. Robinson, in "Scarlet Street" (A). Dir. Fritz Lang. 2, 4, 6, 8.

AFRICAN Ball. Sat., July 23, 7.30-11.30. Holborn Assembly Hall, Grays Inn Rd.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Dancing to Norman Jackson's "Noveltones," 8-11, Sat., July 16. Mems. 3s., their guests 5s.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d., post free.

GIACOMETTI. An Exhibition of Sculpture, Paintings and Drawings. Arts Council Gal ery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Closes July 23. Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. 10-6, Tue. Thur. 10-8. Admission free.

"TURN Again . . ." Exhibition by Mars (Modern Architectural Research) Group. A selection of the world's best modern architecture with the object of raising the architectural standards in the City. Opened at 12 noon, July 12, by the Lord Mayor in the Courtyard of the Royal Exchange, July 12-30, Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Adm. free.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. A Group of XXth-Century French Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Degas, Rouault, Matisse, Kandinsky, Picasso, Bores, Maholy-Nagy, Marc, Miro; Daily 10-6, inc. Sats.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street W.1. Names to Remember: Painters of the Gallery.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Works by Ben Nicholson. Closing July 16. Summer Exhibtn. opens July 19.

MODERN Furniture and Furnishings for Bed-sitting Room by well-known designers. Heal & Son, Ltd., 196 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

ARCHER Gall., 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11. Paintings by Pamela Beves. Till Aug. 6. Tu.-Sat. 10-5. Sun. 2-5. Closed Mon.

ITALIAN Institute, 39 Belgrave Square, S.W.1. Selected Examples of Italian Industrial Design June 30-July 30, Mon.-Fri. 10 a.m.-7 p.m. Sat. 10 a.m.-1 p.m. Closed Sundays. Admission free.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of paintings by Angelica Kauffmann. Adm. free. Weekdays 10-7. Sundays 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Grn. Stns.

HAMPSTEAD Artists' Council. Sculpture, Burgh House, Flask Walk, N.W.3. From July 11. Daily 3-7. Sundays excepted.

ST. GEORGE'S Gallery, 7 Cork St., W.1. Joan Eardley: First One-man Exhib., St. George's Gallery London Group Prize-winner. Important Picasso Etchings 1930-1936.

ROYAL College of Art. Exhibition of Industrial and Graphic Design, Western Galleries, Imperial Institute Road, S.W.7. July 9-23 inclusive. Open 10 a.m.-5.30 p.m. weekdays and Saturdays. Admission free.

IMPERIAL Institute, S.W.7. Chinese Scroll Paintings by David Kwok. Wkdays. 10-4.30. Sats. 10-5, Suns. 2.30-6. Until Aug. 7. Daily demonstrations by artist. Adm. free.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. "Man, Machine and Motion." An Iconography of Speed and Space. Mon-Fri., 10.30-6 p.m. Sats. until 1. Closed Suns. 1s. Mems. free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Paintings by Bacon, Scott, Sutherland. Until July 29.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. First Exhibition in England of Sculpture by Emilio Stanzani. Paintings by William Goldsmith.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 183 Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Adm. Free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Summer Exhibition of 1955. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1 p.m. Closes Aug. 27.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Sven Blomberg: paintings; Romaine Lorquet: sculpture. 11-5.30.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

"THE Labour Movement—What Next?" A National Discussion Conference called by the Daily Worker. Shoreditch Town Hall, Sat. Sept. 17, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. All organisations are invited to send delegates. For details write to Conference Sec., Daily Worker, 75 Farringdon Rd., E.C.1.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1, 8.15, Thursday, July 21. "Man, Machine and Motion." Discussion on the Exhib. at the I.C.A. Gallery by Dean Delamont, Reyner Banham, Peter Smithson and J. S. Shapiro. Chair.: C. H. Gibbs-Smith. Members 2s. Guests 3s. Membership invited.

1900-25! "A Golden Age of Opera" illustrated with records and pres. by Mr. J. Carter at Central Jewish Lit., Folman's, Noel St. (off Berwick St.), W.1. Wed., July 20, 8 p.m. Visitors 2s. 6d.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Assoc.: Prof. J. D. Bernal, M.A., F.R.S., on "The Jewish Contribution to the Development of Civilisation." Horse Shoe Hotel, Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.1. Mon., July 18, 8 p.m. prompt. Visitors 2s. 6d.

DONALD FORD: "The Modern Novel." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., July 17, 7 p.m. Music & readings at 6.30.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. Fri., July 15, 8 p.m. Pt. Usharbudh Arya, "Tolstoy and Indian Thought." July 22, 8 p.m. Boris Ranevsky. Reading of poems by Jessenin.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. August 6 at 6 p.m. John Inglis Hall: "The Creation of Character in Fiction."

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday 11 a.m. July 17. Archibald Robertson, M.A. "How Honest are Christians?" Adm. free. Free copy Monthly Record on request.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public lecture, 8.15, Fri. July 22: Dr. R. Moerdowo: "Balinese Art." 62 Queen's Gdns., Bayswater.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Public lecture, Sunday, 8 p.m., July 17: "Ten Propositions of Psychology."

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall (near Holborn Tube Stn.), Thurs., July 21, 7.30. Fundamentals of Vedanta. All welcome.

LONDON Natural Health Society—3rd Mon. each month. 7.29 p.m. Caxton Hall, S.W.1. July 18: Theodore Constable, "Exercise for Health!" Free to all.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 Sun., July 17. King's Weigh Hse. Church, Binney St., W.1, Nr. Bond St. Stn. Rev. G. P. T. Paget King. The Kingdom of Heaven.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

SECRETARIAL Training Fees. Londoners £28 per annum (under 18 free). North-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Road, N.W.5. GULliver 1154.

PSYCHOTHERAPY. The Institute of Child Psychology has a three-year Training Course for post-graduate men and women in Child Psychotherapy. The next course begins in September. Full details from The Secretary, 6 Pembridge Villas, London, W.11.

GIRLS who wish to perfect their languages with a view to working abroad are recommended to train at St. Godric's College for Secretaries and Linguists, where they will have excellent facilities for studying both languages and secretarial work and for meeting students from all over the world. Intensive Courses for univ. graduates. Day and residential students. Canteen. Apply J. W. Loveridge, M.A.(Cantab.), St. Godric's College, 2 Arkwright Rd., London, N.W.3.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

IPPOLIT Motchaloff. Concert Pianist, piano lessons, Wigmore Hall Studios, W.1.

ADV. and Ord. Level Courses for London University General Certif. of Education (for Entrance, Faculty requirements, or Direct Entry to Degree), also preparation for B.A., M.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.(Econ.), B.Sc.(Soc.), LL.B. and Diplomas, G.C.E. (all other Examining Bodies). Low fees, instalments. Prosp. from Registrar (70), University Correspondence College, Burlington House, Cambridge.

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LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All foreign languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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SUMMER SCHOOLS

COLEG Harlech Residential Schools. July 23-30, on "The Novel Today," with Prof. Gwyn Jones, Dr. Arnold Kettle, Emyr Humphreys, and others. July 30-Aug. 6, on "Problems of International Affairs" with Rt. Hon. H. A. Marquand, W. Monslow, M.P., Prof. Owen Lattimore, U.S.A., Mark Starr, U.S.A., and others. Aug. 6-13, "The Welsh Week," dealing with aspects of Welsh Literature and History. Particulars from Secretary, Coleg Harlech, Harlech, Merioneth.

FRANK Owen at Fabian Summer School, Frensham Heights, Aug. 13-20. Other star sp'krs. Details: 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

THINKERS' Holiday Organisation. 1955 Summer School: "Democracy in the Atomic Age," Buxton, August 13-27. Speakers include H. J. Blackham, Prof. E. Devons, Prof. S. E. Finer, the Rev. G. J. G. Grieve, Wilfrid Harrison, Sir Will Lawther, Prof. H. Levy, D. A. Routh. For details apply to T. H. O., 8 Kenton St., London, W.C.1. Visitors from abroad especially welcome.

"HUMAN Relations in Industry"—Residential Summer Course, Roffey Park Institute, Horsham, Sussex, five days beginning August 29, 1955. Inclusive charge 10gns. All single rooms, good food, beautiful surroundings. Early appl. to Education Officer.

FREUNDSCHAFTSHEIM, Germany. Holiday Conference on Race Problems, Aug. 3-13. Internat. team of speakers. Cost £4 4s. for 10 days, plus reduced fare. Apply A. Brocklehurst, 77 Brent Way, Finchley, N.3.

EVENING Drama School, Interval Theatre Club, London, W.1. Aug. 22/27. 4½gns. Also Day Schools London & Leatherhead Repertory Theatre, Surrey, 14 days (July/Sept.). Courses in Dramatic Art, Prof. staff. Dets. Mrs. Medd, Heathdene, Otford, Kent.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group. May 2 to September 16, 1955. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. For prospectus apply Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall

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SUMMER SCHOOLS—continued

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